The Communists Nominate Peace — *By Ruth McKenney*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

June 11, 1940

Gallup finds:

13 TO 1

OPPOSE WAR

The defense of America requires peace, above all. The warmakers must not have the last word. After all the alarums, after all the Roosevelt panic-mongering, 93 percent of the voters are against war, against sending their sons to die on foreign battlefields.

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Between Ourselves

THE cheerful news for NM readers is that Ruth McKenney will again be contributing regularly to these pages. Ruth has had a leave of absence from NM's editorial staff to complete a book. Last week she dropped in, typewriter in one hand and a huge bag full of ideas in the other. Back home in Connecticut, she reported, her garden was abloom with irises and daffodils and a good many other things the names of which she didn't quite remember. They're all in the seed catalogue anyway. It's hard to finish a book on the deadline, she said, when there are talks to make before different groups, pamphlets to write, and the garden needs tending and you have got to keep the English setter from drowning herself in the brook that runs near by. But the book is now really out of the way, the vegetables and flowers seem to be getting on fine, and Ruth will be writing a piece for you regularly.

It is a pleasure to report that two NM poets have just won the first and second prizes, $800 and $700, in the 1940 Hopwood poetry awards at the University of Michigan. First prize went to E. G. Burrows of New Haven, whose poem "For Moissaye Olgin" we are publishing this week. Second prize was awarded to John Malcolm Brinnin of Ann Arbor whose "Poem for the Birth of X" appeared in a recent issue of NM. The Hopwood awards are made annually at the University of Michigan "to students who perform the best creative work in the fields of dramatic writing, fiction, poetry, and the essay." Our congratulations to Burrows and Brinnin.

Anna Rochester

Miss Rochester's latest book, "Why Farmers Are Poor," which has just been issued by International Publishers, is the first comprehensive survey to be made of America's continuing agricultural crisis. She is also the author of "Rulers of America," which has been called by Prof. Colston E. Warne "the most penetrating analysis of the composition of the financial groups that rule America that has yet appeared." While with the Children's Bureau of the US Department of Labor, Miss Rochester wrote numerous reports, including the well known statistical study, "Infant Mortality in Baltimore." She was an editor of "The World Tomorrow" for four years and has been on the staff of the Labor Research Association since 1928.

And speaking about Michigan, poetry, and NM . . . *This Proud Pilgrimage,* the poetic drama about the Haymarket affair, was previewed in a benefit performance for NM on June 5. Norman Rosten, author of the play, has frequently contributed poetry to our pages. *This Proud Pilgrimage* won a fellowship for Rosten at the University of Michigan in a nationwide competition of playwrights. The play created a sensation when it was first produced on the Ann Arbor campus.

A group of dentists in Queens, NY, had a party the other night for themselves, their patients, and their friends. Their fun brought $25 for the NM Bill of Rights Fund. "And," they conclude in their letter, "we urge other groups in our profession to do likewise." We wish we had more space to tell you some of the other very nice things these dentists had to say about the magazine.

The issue of May 28 carrying the editorial "Invasion: FDR's Gigantic Hoax" seems to have provided an arsenal of facts and arguments against the panic stewed up in the White House. Dozens of telephone calls and a bagful of mail have come in congratulating your editors. A group of teachers ordered two thousand reprints of the editorial for distribution among fellow union members and friends.

One letter was accompanied by a five dollar bill. "This is the second $5 I have sent in the last three months. I thought I had done my share in your fund drive with my first $5. But now your keen editorial has come along and I am digging down to help you continue printing such fine stuff. I live in a small town where a warmongering newspaper completely molds local opinion.

"The night I was reading your editorial two friends happened to come in. All conversations seem to finally get around to the war and this young couple were all for sending the army, the navy, and the marines over pronto. A highball and your editorial, which I read aloud, cooled them down. The young husband is still not entirely convinced (the wife came over to my side quickly), but at least he admitted that all this frantic talk about invasion is full of holes. That admission is worth $5 to me any day in the week, because this young man happens to be my son. And I'm not going to have my boy's blood wash away the sins of Churchill, Reynaud, or Hitler.

"I can't go as far as you do in the positions you take on a number of questions. But I have read enough American history and remember enough about the hysteria preceding this country's entrance into the last war to know that NM is a good neutralizing medium against the tragic illogicalness of the American press. Send my son a subscription and bill me."

That reminds us to ask you whether you have joined NM's one-for-one subscription drive. If you feel about our editorials as the reader above does you'll want your friends to read them each week. While there is a typewriter around we will continue saying the things which will keep this country out of the war. If you are now a subscriber make it a point within the next few days to get someone else to take the magazine for a year. NM is only as powerful as you make it. You'll find a subscription blank on page 25.

Who's Who

ADAM LAPIN is NM and *Daily Worker* correspondent in Washington. . . . Harold Ward is a writer on scientific subjects and a contributor to many magazines. . . . Sasha Small is connected with the International Labor Defense. . . . James Morison, a free lance labor journalist, is a regular contributor to NM. . . . Henry Hart is the author of a novel, *The Great One.* . . . Joseph Starobin is an editorial writer on NM, specializing in foreign affairs. . . . Stephen Peabody is a free lance writer on political and economic topics. . . . Charles Glenn is a columnist for the *People's World,* progressive West Coast daily. . . . Lou Cooper is a young New York composer and pianist.

This Week

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXV, NO. 12

June 11, 1940

Thirteen to One *An Editorial Article* 3
"We Can Live in Dignity" *An Editorial Article* . . . 4
The Communists Nominate Peace *by Ruth McKenney* . 5
Soriano Looks at the Convention 6
Gropper's Cartoon 8
FDR's Tarheel Fuehrer *by Adam Lapin* 9
The Scientists Split on the War *by Harold Ward* . . . 11
Hill 666 Was a Rock in the Sky *by Milt Wolff* 13
In Sweet Revenge *by Sasha Small* 14
Two Men on a Trojan Elephant *by Barbara Giles* . . . 15
They Are Beating the Plowshares *by Anna Rochester* . . 19
For Moissaye Olgin *A Poem by E. G. Burrows* 19
Editorial Comment 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Archibald MacLeish, the Irresponsible *by Samuel Sillen* . 24
American Voices *by James Morison* 26
Utopia *by Henry Hart* 27
Documents on Finland *by Joseph Starobin* 28
Democratic Thinker *by Stephen Peabody* 30

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The Cameras Shoot for War *by Charles Glenn* 31
Music Festival *by Lou Cooper* 31

Art work by Soriano, Aime, A. Ajay, Lawrence.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXV JUNE 11, 1940 NUMBER 12

Thirteen to One

The Gallup poll shows the overwhelming majority of the American people opposed to war. How the administration moves to countermand their will. An editorial article.

AFTER all the alarums, after all the Roosevelt panic-mongering and fifth-column hysteria, 93 percent of the voters—thirteen to one—according to the latest Gallup poll, are against declaring war on Germany and sending America's sons to die on foreign battlefields. Thirteen out of every fourteen Americans—that is a power to be reckoned with.

The administration *is* reckoning with it—by new measures aimed at a blackout of peace and civil liberties. Three events during the past week underline the mounting peril: the Roosevelt message to Congress asking for a new arms appropriation of over $1,000,000,000 and authority to call the National Guard into active service; the appointment of an "advisory" defense commission headed by two of Wall Street's biggest tycoons, Edward R. Stettinius Jr. of U. S. Steel (Morgan) and William S. Knudsen of General Motors (Morgan–du Pont); and the widening of the offensive against militant labor and the foreign born.

The President's message came two weeks after his previous message in which he had already requested an additional billion for the army and navy. What happened during those two weeks to necessitate a further upward revision? Was the German advance to the Channel ports really so unexpected? And if the Allies should succeed in halting the German drive, will the President send another message asking for a reduction in war appropriations? It is clear that military developments in Europe are merely serving as a convenient *pretext* for the Roosevelt administration. The goal toward which it is moving—military participation on the side of the Allies—was set long ago. The secret Polish documents published by the Nazis revealed that months before the outbreak of the war the administration had already made its commitments. The lifting of the embargo, the pressure for credits and loans, the thousand and one acts of unneutrality, the inflammatory Roosevelt speeches, the successive demands for more and more arms—these are stages in the conquest of America's peace and America's democracy.

NEW MASSES does not oppose armaments *per se*. We oppose only the uses to which armaments are put by reactionary governments. The Roosevelt administration's $5,000,000,000 armaments program—more than half the federal budget—is designed not to defend the interests of the people at home, but to promote the ambitions of the American empire abroad. It is part of the policy of starving America and feeding the war. That is why we brand this program as criminal. Already the shadow of this vast war budget has been flung over the peoples of Latin America. The President's demand that he be given authority to mobilize the National Guard can have no meaning except as a prelude to the seizure of air and naval bases in Central and South America and possible aggressive action against Mexico. Oil, rubber, tin, air and naval bases, the vibrations of the stock exchanges in New York, London, and Paris—this is the filthy reality behind the anti-fascist rhetoric and moral indignation.

The appointment of the Stettinius-Knudsen commission means that big business has been officially placed in the driver's seat of the nation's war machine. A key role in the commission has been assigned to Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who has close ties with the right wing Socialist clique that has seized control of the American Labor Party. Ludwell Denny, in the May 30 issue of the New York *World-Telegram,* gave an insight into the nature of Hillman's job:

> He is supposed to keep labor in step with the defense production speedup—and organized labor does not like speedups and stretchouts. He is supposed to prevent stoppages and strikes—and unions rely on strikes as their legitimate and best weapon.

In other words, Hillman is to represent labor on the commission by carrying through the anti-labor policies of big business and the Roosevelt administration. This demonstrates the folly of attempting to defend labor's rights on the basis of accepting a war program which inevitably undermines the rights of labor and the common people. The role of Hillman is pungently described in the June 7 issue of the *United States News:* "Roosevelt wants to reestablish liaison with industry; wants to back up Knudsen and Stettinius in decisions they make in seeking results; wants to keep New Dealers as windowdressing—*if possible*" (emphasis in original).

Windowdressing—this is what the whole promise of the New Deal has become. And the Bill of Rights itself is being converted into the same kind of windowdressing. "*Jude, verrecke!*" (Jew, perish!) This was the cry of the Nazis when they launched their campaign of hate and oppression which ended by dragging the German people into war. In the United States it is the foreign born who are to be treated as criminals. The rulers of America too are getting ready for war. The new *entente cordiale* between the Roosevelt administration and such veteran fifth-column commanders as Martin Dies and Senator Reynolds is a political barometer.

Of a piece is the drive against the Communist Party and the most active opponents of war. From Westbrook Pegler to Alex Rose the new adherents of the anti-Comintern axis cry death to civil liberties for Communists. But of course it is not the Communists alone whom they have in mind. In the same breath in which he called for the suppression of the Communist Party, Rose, who usurps the role of executive secretary of the American Labor Party, denounced Rep. Vito Marcantonio, Laborite, the only member of Congress who had the courage to vote against the army and navy bills. Dorothy Thompson, in the same column (New York *Herald Tribune,* May 27) in which she demanded the outlawing of the Communist Party, the *Daily Worker,* NEW MASSES, and all other militant publications, cited as one of the crimes of the Communists that they "spread pacifism."

The administration's campaign against the foreign born and the Communists is already bearing the ugly fruit of mob violence. In Pekin, Ill., eight men and two women who were collecting signatures to place the Communist Party on the ballot were nearly lynched. In Hancock County, W. Va., eight men and women were jailed for having signed election petitions of the Communist Party. In Waxahachie, Tex., Odessa, Tex., Del Rio, Tex., Auburn, Cal., and Kingfisher, Okla., members of the religious sect of Jehovah's Witnesses were attacked by hoodlum mobs because they distributed peace literature. In New York City two members of the American Labor Party were beaten up for handing out anti-war leaflets.

But America can still be saved. Peace and democracy can still be saved. The 93 percent who are against war are a tremendous force—if organized. The Communist Party Convention has pointed the way. The defense of America requires five billions for housing, not arms, billions more for the unemployed, the farmers, the aged, the youth. The defense of America requires the abolition of the poll tax, the outlawing of lynching, the extension of the frontiers of democracy. The defense of America requires, above all, peace. Thirteen to one have spoken. The warmakers must not have the last word.

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"We Can Live in Dignity"

Earl Browder's historic speech at the Communist Convention. He spoke for the millions. Questions the "rich and the wise" cannot answer. An editorial article.

Explain this riddle if you can, you statesmen and intellectual servitors of the capitalist class. Why is it that America can afford twelve million idle workers; can afford forty million ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed men, women, and children; can afford mines, mills, and factories closing down and rusting; can afford billions of capital lying idle in the banks; can afford accumulating agricultural surpluses, and to pay farmers to produce less; can afford to play with the idea of war and can spend many billions preparing for war—but such a country cannot, you say, afford to put these men to work, to put these idle resources to work, because it would bankrupt us? Why? Why?

THE man who asked this question—and answered it—stood in shirtsleeves before several thousand plain Americans who had gathered in convention from all the obscure neighborhoods where the life of our great economy begins. His name is Earl Russell Browder, of Kansas, over whose head hangs a four-year prison sentence. No front page headlines emphasized his declarations, and the Columbia Broadcasting System carefully sandwiched his speech between scared words of repudiation. Standard bearer of a party solemnly pronounced dead by all political medicine men of the country, what words of his could possibly frighten the men at the controls of our nation? Yet the *Herald Tribune* gloated on the day following his address that it would most likely be the last one for years. "Oratory," Walter Lippmann's paper said, "is not a part of federal prison routine, and broadcasting facilities are not available to convicts." If you cannot refute a man's arguments, gag him, lock him up. It is a time-honored method: Jesus felt it, and Galileo, John Brown, and Eugene Debs.

We cannot, in this limited space, discuss the full historic content of his speech. That we shall do over a number of issues. Nor can we hope to summarize its scope. It will appear in pamphlet form shortly. Tom Paine would be proud of this pamphlet and we hope it will be bought by millions. For it was a speech of vast significance, one that will be remembered as is Debs' Canton speech of 1918. Its strength was the catholicity of its idea: it spoke for the millions. It formulated in precise, scientific Marxian terms the tremendous, inchoate desires of the masses: the most complex, political-economic truths of our day were expressed in the vernacular. It was plain talk.

The "rich and wise and good gentlemen" who rule our nation, and their fellows abroad, are proving to millions their incapacity, their greed, their evil. They have brought war to the people in a horror transcending anything man has seen before. Their heavens are filled with death; their lands with bourbon treachery. Their every thought and act is predicated upon war, butchery, slaughter of millions. *"War policy,"* Browder said, *"determines everything else."* He analyzed the reasons for this war—threw a spotlight upon the fundamental stratagems of the powerful. Is it a war for democracy and against fascism? Is it a war progressive mankind should engage in? Tragic nonsense. This war is a *continuation* of the imperialist World War. But it differs in this vital respect: it bursts upon a world groaning with the iniquities of Versailles. It comes in an epoch when capitalism is weaker, is in the deepest crisis of its history. It happens at a time when the popular will is stronger, more organized, more experienced than ever before. It comes at a time when the proletariat has recognized itself as a class—a class pregnant with the future. And finally, it comes at a time when the chain of capitalistic enslavement of the world is broken at one spot—a considerable spot, embracing one-sixth of the world—the USSR. And the example of that land horrifies the American great, they fear its imminent repetition in several European countries. They dread its consideration here. Hence their frantic drive to get American troops upon the scene *before* that happens.

Their great fear of Browder is that his words will—*and they will*—transcend the limits of his party membership. They grow panicky thinking that these words will fly to every part of America—borne by 100,000 fearless messengers of peace—carrying hope and direction at a time when carefully cultivated fatalism and confusion dominate the air waves and the headlines.

For Browder's arguments are irrefutable:

By the Munich pact . . . the British and French ruling classes had built up Hitler's regime in Germany so far, had surrendered so many strategic points, had so thoroughly destroyed their own moral standing by open complicity with Hitler's crimes that it was already an open question as to which side was the strongest and therefore, according to the rules of imperialism, entitled to rule the world.

Frankenstein's monster had escaped from the control of his maker. It was no suicidal mania that impelled Chamberlain and his Gallic collaborators to their fate. It grew from that purblind hatred born of their class bias.

They played with the peace of the world, with the lives of tens of millions of helpless and unknowing people. They gambled—and they lost.

They got the "wrong war." For seven months after the "wrong war" began, they continued "moving heaven and earth" to metamorphose it into the "right war"—the war against the USSR. While all was quiet on the western front, consider their sudden outburst of furious energy in the Finnish war. But the world-shaking achievements of the Red Army at the Mannerheim Line shattered the Allied strategy.

Then came Frankenstein's blitzkrieg. The empires locked in battle. The concepts of neutrality and national independence went by the board, scuttled by the actions of both belligerents.

The wrong war has become the real war. The real war is becoming a world war. The world war is getting set to engulf the United States also—if the American workers and lovers of peace allow this to happen.

Therein lie the trepidations and fearfulness of the American millionaires. Browder's words are truth. They must not reach the masses. As Catherine II of czarist Russia said, when the education of her people was projected: "If they learn to read the truth, then God bless us."

That is the basis for the war offensive in America today. Coin billions from this war: utilize every chance to grab. Grab the western hemisphere. Grab the riches of the Indies. Don't let the war end, by God, no. Let the combatants fight it out, weaken each other, and thus become lord of them all. Above all don't let peace break out. That might mean "a peace highly undesirable to Wall Street, a combination of British-German imperialisms directed immediately against American imperialist interests, with a possible Japanese attachment to double its effectiveness."

Hence the administration's blitzkrieg upon our peace-loving people. Hence the offensive upon labor, upon the foreign born. Hence the fury of the "fifth column" pretext. Hence the American jingoistic "hemisphere" drive. Hence the five billion dollar preparedness program.

Outstanding was Browder's proposal for a third party. He urged a new, third party, such as the Republican Party in 1856, which grew out of the decline of the dominant Whig and Democratic parties. Those two parties had grown fat with preference for the mighty; and the Republican Party was born.

"The masses of the United States cry out for such a new party, for a modern Abraham Lincoln. . . ." The threat of this new party haunts the economic royalists, curbs their arrogance. "It is this," Browder said, "which holds them back from enthusiastic adoption of Dorothy Thompson's coalition ticket of Roosevelt and Willkie."

We urge our readers to obtain copies of the full address, study it, spread it throughout America. For its ideas are those of our people. Its vision is of a free America. "We can live in dignity," Browder said. If his words are heeded—and they shall be heeded—America will live in dignity.

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The Communists Nominate Peace

Ruth McKenney attends their Eleventh National Convention. Her day-by-day diary. How Browder and Ford were nominated. How the delegates worked.

THE Eleventh National Convention of the Communist Party was like this:

Earl Browder stood before the delegates. It was Saturday night, and late, after eleven. The air in the rickety old Royal Windsor auditorium was fetid, heavy. The bright red flowers on the platform drooped. A rubber worker from Akron, exhausted from the three days' hard work, slumped in his hard chair. A young girl from Texas patted her hair wearily, mechanically. The people, pressed together tightly on hard benches, standing shoulder to shoulder in the back of the auditorium, sighed a little in the heat.

Earl Browder was summing up. He spoke quietly, without flourishes, dwelling on Mexico for a moment, the war in Europe. Then suddenly he said, "Comrades, I want to speak to you of Dr. Norman Bethune." He stopped. His strong, plain face looked strained for a moment, tired and sad. The Communists who sat before him straightened up.

Then Earl Browder said, as nearly as I can remember from my imperfect and hasty notes, "Comrades, Dr. Bethune was one of the world's great surgeons. In this capitalist world he would not have been allowed to practice his great skill had he been known as a Communist. But when I asked him to go to China to serve with the Eighth Route Army—and he knew he probably would not return—he agreed at once, on one condition."

The audience grew quiet, waited in a painful hush. "He asked me," Earl Browder said, and his words came with an obvious effort, "if he should not come back, to let you know, and to let the whole world know that Dr. Norman Bethune died a member of the Communist Party." Some people clapped. But most of the delegates sat still, very still, feeling the sudden overpowering rush of tears.

"It was the proudest thing in his life," Earl Browder said. "It was the meaning in his life, his reason for existence." The Communists lifted their heads. Everywhere in the hall you could feel the bracing of shoulders. A young fellow from Alabama groped for his wife's hand. Hushed, the Communists looked up at the platform where their leader spoke from his heart to their hearts.

"Comrades," Earl Browder said, "it is the same with all of us. To be a Communist today means to be the master of history. We can live in dignity. We are not dependent on the whims or the words or the brutality of some stupid master. To be Communists—it is the proudest thing in our lives."

And on the platform where the new members of the National Committee sat, and in the whole auditorium, there was a moment of electric quiet, while the people lived with their pride.

And the Eleventh National Convention of the Communist Party was also like this:

Al Richmond, the fine, hulking, six-foot-and-some-odd-inches lad from California holding court in the window table at the 65th Street Childs, regaling his popeyed friends from New York with tall tales of San Francisco, the only town worth living in in the USA and how the *People's World* sweeps practically all before it. (Al is the managing editor. He used to be on the *Sunday Worker,* and before that he was a seaman who made finks, etc., turn pale on sight.) . . . Mother Bloor swinging her arms and waving a bunch of red roses frantically while the delegates cheered the new National Committee and Earl Browder. . . . Beautiful Claudia Jones, her classic face alive with excitement, singing the "Internationale" into the mike. . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn bawling out the delegates from New York because they laughed when somebody with a Southern drawl wanted the chairman to announce where Madison Square Garden was. "You'd have to ask where things were in Oklahoma City," Gurley Flynn scolded, "Shame!" And the New York crowd standing up to cheer vaguely for Oklahoma City.

DAY AFTER DAY

The Communist Convention was all these things and many more. I kept a sort of scattered diary through those four country-shaking days. Communists are very remarkable people. This is a basic fact. Probably no other people in the world could have lasted out that convention and still had the strength to cheer themselves practically into a coma Sunday at Madison Square Garden. So, to repeat it again: Communists are very remarkable people.

Soriano

And Thursday, at 2:00 p.m. Old home week is a hackneyed expression but no other will do. Everywhere in the hall there was the resounding noise of people slamming old pals on the back and getting fearful thumps in return. Matrons exchanging vital statistics with other ladies: my Johnny was born since I saw you last . . . Harry graduated from high school, you know, *with the highest honors* . . . and my Joe got elected president of the YCL—not bad, if I say so myself. . . .

The noise was a thunder all over the hall. Steelworkers bragging a bit about how many "Yanks Are Not Coming" buttons they distributed in their mill; the young girls talking in their sweet, high, animated voices, about everything from peace organizations to bits of dark and terrific scandal about who married whom or vice versa; DO's (the District Organizers) trading information—steel is like thus and so . . . in the coal mines they're saying . . . yeah, but in rubber we gotta . . . well, but you take the Midwest now . . . the South is a different world these days. . . .

Then suddenly William Z. Foster marches out on the platform. The crowd jumps up to its feet. The yell is deep, many-throated, many-voiced, full of the twang of New England, and the drawl of the South, rich with the Bronx, loud with California and Chicago, and all the proud place names of our great country.

"I declare this Eleventh National Convention of the Communist Party open." Another yell, an exuberant, triumphant, challenging, prideful battle cry.

DOWN TO WORK

And then the delegates settled down to work. And they worked for four solid days, from 8:00 a.m. until midnight—on Coca-Cola, I might add. The quick-lunch places around 66th Street must have coined a small fortune from the Communist Convention.

The newspapers, incidentally, publicly marveled when the comrades listened three and a half hours to Earl Browder's opening report without a murmur of anything but enthusiasm. The delegates shook their heads over the "capitalist" write-ups. "So what do they think we came three thousand miles for?" a migrant worker from California drawled the next day. "That was some report, and anyway, I didn't know it lasted that long, on account of I was thinking so hard."

The convention thought hard, right along with Earl Browder those three and a half hours. That report was meat and drink and the signpost for the next year. Looking around, you could see people taking notes.

Friday morning: the halls of the old Royal

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The balcony listens
When Browder and Ford were nominated
We like that speech
a delegate from the West reports
Delegat listening
one buck for peace
may I have the floor?
Taking notes

Soriano Looks at the Convention

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Windsor jammed with rain-drenched comrades trotting busily from one commission meeting to another. The women met downtown at Irving Plaza, some two hundred strong, trading experience. Anita Whitney, charter member of the party, the seventy-two-year-old delegate from California, looking so demure, was chairman of the anti-war meeting, and brought the five hundred delegates to their feet cheering time and again, as she raked over the warmakers.

Friday night: the hall was packed again. Before the main meeting, the state delegations caucused, nominating for the National Committee. Here was a different brand of politics. Short, grave, very serious nominating speeches. Delegates interrupting: "Yes, he's a good comrade, but don't you think he needs more ripening, so to speak? We need the *best* in our party." And the speaker arguing, not with the cheap logrolling, the vote trading in the Republican or Democratic style, but carefully considering the objections, trying to be as honest as possible, to think clearly. The nominations from each delegation were unanimous—every name was argued out, until everybody finally agreed on the final choices.

LATIN AMERICAN FRIENDS

And in the evening session the convention heard the voices of the people of Latin America. The currents of emotion ran deep that night. The Communists of the United States felt somehow a little guilty, a little ashamed before the men from Chile and Puerto Rico and Cuba and Haiti and Mexico. True, the American working class was never a party, is not a party today to the crimes of American imperialism. But still. . . . Sometimes, as the speeches went on, the delegates turned away their faces, because their hearts were sick with what they heard. ". . . and my people have the highest tuberculosis rate in the world." . . . "In my country the Chase National Bank and the National City Bank pay the sugar workers $2.40 a week, and you can imagine what this means in disease and terrible poverty."

The convention welcomed these men from Latin America with a kind of frantic love, as though to say: "All your sufferings from the brutal rich who are our own countrymen —forgive us this, because we are the American workers, and we promise you we will someday blot out these heart-sickening crimes against you and your women and your children. Have faith in us, dear comrades!"

I am not just making this up. All through the hall, people felt this way, but deeper than words. You could hear the spirit of the convention when the delegate from Puerto Rico, a slender young man with a sad, beautiful face, spoke with deep, fierce irony, retailing the "benefits" of American imperialism in his country. As he built up his terrifying picture of abject poverty, of a brave people ground into the very earth, the crowd began to answer him with a sort of deep cry that was almost a moan of rage and sympathy—and determination.

Imperialism! We learned it plain, from the words of our friends who came from Latin America to speak so bravely, to greet us so warmly. And the phrase "national liberation"! We saw it live, in the people from our own hemisphere. The shining, splendid face of the delegate from Chile, warm and brave under the spotlights. "If it were only domestic enemies we had," he said proudly, "we could tell you, the people have won in Chile. But the American imperialists are powerful. . . ."

The convention roared back its promise: freedom for the people of Chile and Mexico, Haiti and Cuba, Puerto Rico, freedom for our brothers in Latin America.

Foster, moved by the cheering crowd, and the words of the men from the brother parties of Latin America told the convention: Look, here is the test of our party, the test of our international principles. We are the only party in the United States these comrades from Latin America can greet with love and confidence. They know their enemies are our enemies; they know we will never rest until we wipe out the deadly system of imperialism that enslaves them.

Saturday morning: the delegates left the hall after midnight Friday, exhausted. They were back bright and early Saturday morning to work on the campaign platform. The reporters from the New York papers goggled at democracy in action. The mike was down on the convention floor. Delegates lined up to speak, excited and serious, feeling the responsibility, a little nervous but determined to make the platform the best in party history.

And Saturday afternoon: forty-five minutes for lunch. The reports begin. A fascinating account of the real South by Bob Hall. Later in the afternoon Bob Minor makes the greatest speech of his long life, in his brilliant report on the Soviet Union resolution. The convention alternately cheers and sits fascinated by the beautiful literary style, the logic, the deep emotion. Israel Amter speaks on the national question, setting the convention to busy note-taking. Alexander Trachtenberg gets an ovation. "We must raise money," he says. "Radio broadcasts cost $5,000." He pauses and adds, "Under capitalism, that is." Everybody roars.

SATURDAY NIGHT

And Saturday night: forty minutes for dinner. The cafeteria across the street does a frantic business. The delegates tear back to the convention hall. This is election of the National Committee, of the secretary and chairman of the party.

Earl Browder was cheered so often and so much in the four days of the convention that it is hard to separate the different demonstrations. But you could somehow feel the love, the deep, almost inexpressible feeling from the heart Saturday night, when Elizabeth Gurley Flynn asked the delegates if they would elect him secretary of the party, and they answered with such solemn pride, "Aye!"

Foster wasn't there Saturday night to hear the convention greet his name for chairman. He was resting at home for Sunday, but it was a shame, in a way. For there were tears in the eyes of the delegates as they heard Browder say, "It is not only I, but the American working class, who nominates William Z. Foster for chairman of our party. No one has served the American people better." The people on the platform looked a little misty-eyed, too. These Communists, they love their own.

And finally Sunday: Sunday was delirious. Communists are sober people, sober and hard-working and pretty matter of fact, but now and then, at long intervals, they allow themselves a little delirium.

My notes are all confused. I remember singing "The Star Spangled Banner," the "Internationale" over and over again. And the man next to me gave me a rattle, because he said my hands would be swollen from clapping. I felt rather silly with that rattle, but he was right, or rather he was too late. My hands were already swollen. Also, when I finally emerged in the daylight of a Broadway Sunday afternoon, I discovered I had lost most of my voice, the only thing remaining being a hoarse and singularly sinister croak. I use the first person because what happened to me happened to everybody.

WE WILL!

Out of all the speeches and roving spotlights and frantic, wild applause, and confetti drifting in the crowd, and the music, and the earsplitting noise, and the state placards dancing in the half-darkness I remember these things especially:

The solemn faces of the young girls who held the flags on the platform, so obviously proud of the great honor;

The bandsmen abandoning their music sheets, standing on their chairs, and flourishing trumpets and horns at Earl Browder;

A young lad with a particularly ferocious horn blowing it unexpectedly and with vigor directly in my ear;

The lassie from the YCL skipping to the tune of "The Yanks Are Not Coming" and brandishing her flag furiously, her pretty face glowing with excitement and pride.

These things and more: I remember James Ford making what was surely one of the greatest speeches in his life as he accepted the nomination for vice president; I remember the perfect discipline of that enormous crowd, their fierce pride, as Earl Browder spoke on the coast-to-coast hookup.

Finally William Z. Foster, his face shining with happiness and warmth, bade the delegates to the convention a last farewell. "Go home," he said, "and keep America out of war." And they answered him back, the cry deep and fervent, "We will! We will!"

This was the Eleventh National Convention of the Communist Party of the United States, the party of the American working class, of the American farmers, of the common people throughout our great country.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

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FDR's Tarheel Fuehrer

Senator Reynolds of Buncombe County, admirer of fascism, is happy. His fingerprint proposals are being accepted. "His wildest dreams are now becoming legislation."

Washington, D. C.

SEN. ROBERT RICE REYNOLDS is feeling pretty cocky these days. After a period of comparative silence the Tarheel fuehrer is again orating, pacing back and forth across the Senate floor, waving his arms with characteristic ebullience. "To mention the registration and fingerprinting of aliens in this country three months ago was almost a crime against the government of the United States," he informs his colleagues. "Today it is a popular thing to register and fingerprint aliens." Our Bob can be pardoned for being a little boastful. He has every reason.

It was not so long ago that Senator Reynolds was considered one of the capitol's minor sideshows. Tourists in search of a little light entertainment were frequently advised to take in a few minutes of his four-hour tirades. A few progressive observers were seriously disturbed by the fact that Reynolds was grooming himself for the role of America's fascist leader. But for the most part Buncombe County's leading citizen was considered a joke. Now the most outspoken apologist for Hitler and Mussolini in Congress has suddenly emerged as a leading statesman, virtually a major prophet. His wildest dreams are becoming legislation.

As Reynolds himself points out, nobody paid much attention even a few weeks ago to his pet proposal for the registration and fingerprinting of non-citizens. Now the administration has put its stamp of approval on this scheme. Ironically enough, it was that liberal statesman, Atty. Gen. Robert Jackson, who conferred the blessing. Jackson emphasized that one of the most important reasons for transferring the Bureau of Immigration from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice was to systematize and coordinate the registration procedure. Jackson was unwilling at the moment to go as far as Reynolds and fingerprint all non-citizens now in this country; he would just fingerprint applicants for visas before they are admitted to this country. But this little controversy will soon be settled when the Senate votes on the worst anti-alien bill drafted thus far—the omnibus measure introduced by Rep. Howard Smith of Virginia, smalltown banker, foe of organized labor. With Senate sanction almost certain, the bill provides for compulsory fingerprinting and registration of non-citizens, and incidentally makes it a crime to organize what in effect amount to anti-war activities. Needless to say, this measure has the endorsement of Senator Reynolds, whose only complaint is that one of his own anti-alien bills was not chosen for passage.

EMPLOYERS' BLACKLIST

The Tarheel fuehrer's great contribution to our national life has been his amendment to the La Follette Oppressive Labor Practices Bill barring all Communists from employment in private industry. Of course, a Communist is not defined, and it will be necessary in these grave times to take a broad view of the matter. Because Senator La Follette himself agreed to eliminate from his bill a provision barring investigation by employers of the political and economic views of workers, the Reynolds amendment makes possible an unrestricted witch hunt. Communists or those suspect of anything approaching Communism would be condemned to starvation. The unconstitutionality of this proposal is obvious. But that too may be overlooked in the interests of "national defense." The La Follette bill also has another Reynolds amendment tacked onto it which sets up a 10 percent *numerus clausus* for non-citizens in business and industry. In the agricultural regions of

Are These Alien Words Today?

The campaign by the administration and Congress to register, fingerprint, and stigmatize the foreign born reached hysterical heights in the Senate last week. By a vote of fifty-five to four the Upper House sanctioned the transfer of the Bureau of Immigration from the Labor Department to the Department of Justice—to J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Intolerance. The following statements should remind the Senators and alien-baiters that this bigotry violates the deep-rooted American tradition of equality and hospitality for the foreign born.

"I am opposed to the registration of aliens. . . . This proposal would create abuses and problems more fundamental and more destructive of American freedom than any evil it might aim to cure." (1926) *Alfred E. Smith, former governor of New York.*

"Not only must we treat all nations fairly, but we must treat with justice and good will all immigrants who come here under the law. Whether they are Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile; whether they came from England or Germany, Russia, Japan, or Italy, matters nothing. All we have a right to question is the man's conduct. If he is honest and upright in his dealings with his neighbor and with the state, then he is entitled to respect and good treatment. Especially do we need to remember our duty to the stranger within our gates. It is the sure mark of low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against, or in any way humiliate such a stranger, who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly. To remember this is incumbent on every American citizen, and it is of course peculiarly incumbent on every government official, whether of the nation or of the several states." (1906) *President Theodore Roosevelt.*

"The proposed plan to require compulsory registration of all aliens in the United States must be abhorrent to all fair-minded and thinking people. I am thoroughly opposed to any such scheme. It would immediately set apart our alien population and set a stigma on them. . . . It is un-American to discriminate against any class of the population and that is exactly what compulsory registration would do." (1936) *Herbert H. Lehman, governor of New York.*

"I am unalterably opposed to legislation which sets the immigrant apart to be specially registered, identified, numbered, and watched. Such tactics interfere with genuine Americanization. The proposal is based on the narrow and provincial idea that every immigrant must be viewed with suspicion. I regard the immigrant as a potential citizen to be encouraged and treated with sympathy and consideration.

"Special registration and the required possession of identifying documents for alien immigrants will serve no useful purpose, will of necessity require similar identification for all citizens, and will create another organization of federal agents. The scheme will impose a degree of regimentation by the federal government of the inhabitants of the several states which we have heretofore considered intolerable and unthinkable." (1926) *Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York.*

"The registration of aliens in this country can serve only to add another evil to the many problems confronting the American people. This proposal, if enacted, would spread suspicion and antagonism, confusing and dividing the people. . . . The proposal to register the alien is contrary to the American tradition of hospitality and equality to the immigrant." (1939) *Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Parker, Fannie Hurst, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Tallulah Bankhead, and forty other prominent American women in an open letter to the General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

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the Southwest as well as in the industrial areas of the East and Midwest tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of workers would be summarily fired. Originally the House leadership did not intend to take up the La Follette bill at this session. But now that it has been transformed into one of the worst anti-labor bills in years the leaders may revise their plans.

For a rounded picture of Reynolds' legislative program, it is necessary to include his resolution for a "fifth column" investigation. If this is passed, Our Bob would head the investigation and we would have two Dies committees instead of one. Reynolds has repeatedly cheered the labors of Martin Dies, and Dies can be counted on to support any bills Reynolds proposes. Most recent reports are that Dies is preparing a bill to outlaw the Communist Party outright. While this will be a little tame if the Communists are first sentenced to starvation, Reynolds will do his bit if only as a token of fellowship for his Texas colleague.

There isn't any doubt about it. The Tarheel fuehrer is the ideologist and pioneer of the current drive against what has been designated as the "fifth column." Reynolds is closely associated with most of the fascist, anti-Semitic, and Nazi organizations in this country. The Vindicators, his own organization, has a fullblown fascist program. Every issue of this organization's official organ is replete with thinly disguised Jew-baiting propaganda. Pictures of Jews captioned with foreign-sounding names are always prominently displayed. On the West Coast, leaders of the Nazi Bund have acted as distributors for the sheet. The organizations which have endorsed Reynolds' work include the American Vigilante Intelligence Foundation, the Paul Reveres, Minute Men of America, Inc., and the Associated Farmers. Reynolds is particularly friendly with George Deatherage, leader of the openly anti-Semitic and anti-Negro Knights of the White Camellia. Deatherage has mailed thousands of copies of Reynolds' speeches to his members—free of charge under the Senator's franking privilege.

REYNOLDS' PATRONS

Among the most important of Reynolds' patrons are William Randolph Hearst and Father Coughlin. Reynolds has cribbed many of his ideas from the Lord of San Simeon, has written special articles for the Hearst papers, and is always sure of getting a good play in the Hearst columns. He has privately blamed his comparative lack of publicity in other papers on "those damned Jew publishers." It will be recalled that when the *Athenia* was sunk, the British blamed it on the Germans, the Germans on the British. But Bob had a third solution. He said it was all the fault of those Russian Bolsheviks. That was a clear steal from Coughlin's *Social Justice*.

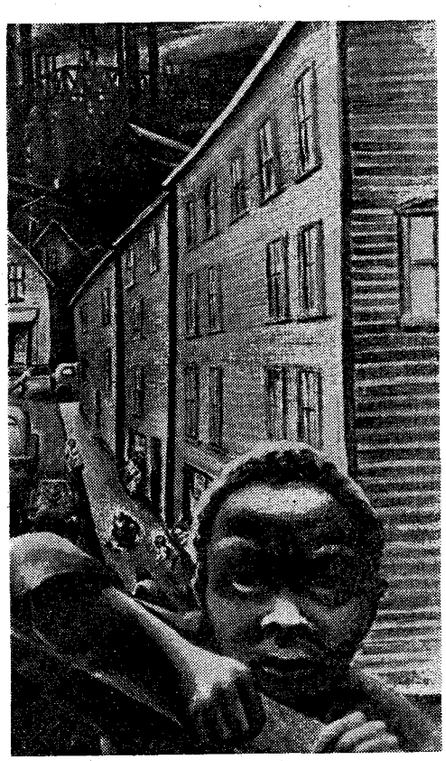
When there was a real "fifth column" in Spain, Franco's Fifth Column in the streets of Madrid, Reynolds was 100 percent for it. He said that Franco's victory had brought peace and order in Spain. When Hitler seized Czechoslovakia, the Tarheel fuehrer painted a glowing word picture in which he compared this invasion with the exploits of the American pioneers. "Hitler went over and took land in the way that sometimes the boys in Texas and North Carolina used to move a fence with the aid of shotgun, instead of doing it legally with the aid of a surveyor—that is all that Hitler did." He glorified Mussolini's conquest of Albania as a triumph for efficient train schedules.

If Reynolds has now decided to lump the Nazis with the Communists and bar them from jobs too, it is not because he has undergone a sudden spiritual revolution. He is a shrewd opportunist who adjusts himself to the times in order to put his program across. It is not a new thing for American fascism to proclaim its opposition to all "foreign isms." The foreign born, the labor unions, the Communists, the democratic institutions which he would like to replace with concentration camps—these are the real targets of his attack. He knows he can attain his objectives more easily in an atmosphere laden with war hysteria.

Reynolds has found new friends in high places. The administration has swung around to his position on the whole business of baiting the foreign born. When Reynolds spoke on behalf of his treacherous amendments to the La Follette bill on the Senate floor, he quoted with delight the reference to the "fifth column" in the President's last fireside chat.

Two years ago, when the administration took feeble steps to keep peace by verbally opposing fascist aggression, Reynolds strongly disapproved of the President's utterances. Now that the President has launched a war program, he is for him. If the United States gets into the war, no one will beat the drums louder than Reynolds. The term "fifth column" has been used loosely, but certainly it can be applied accurately to a man who stands for fascism and anti-Semitism in the United States. His support of the administration's new policies is a good gauge of the kind of democracy we will be asked to fight for.

ADAM LAPIN.



"INDUSTRIAL TOWN." *A painting by Adelyne Cross, Chicago artist, from the current United American Artists exhibition at Rockefeller Center, New York City.*

Inside Canada

Toronto.

IMMEDIATELY after the adoption of dictatorial powers in England, leading Canadian manufacturers patriotically wired Ottawa that "they, too, were willing to work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week." This schedule was immediately introduced into the aircraft plants, where the men will henceforth work eighty-four hours a week. Discontent is rife. "Why should we sacrifice when the owners of the factories make greater profits?" ask the aircraft workers, most of whom are young people only recently out of school. In a number of plants the workers simply refuse to produce unless the owners come across also. A notice was posted at the De Haviland plant a few weeks ago that overtime rates would be paid for any extra work. But when the men put in twenty hours overtime a week later, their paychecks were made out on the basis of the regular hourly scale. Thereupon they refused to work that evening and the whole plant was paralyzed while officials and bookkeepers worked madly to issue checks for full overtime pay.

Everywhere one hears talk of unions. Airplane workers especially are eager for organization, though they're still a little fearful of government reprisals. They are particularly discontented because the six chief aircraft producing plants have entered into an agreement not to hire any man who has left a plant of his own accord or has been fired.

The government is jittery about the whole labor situation. It wants to avoid trouble but it is also anxious not to antagonize employers. Hearings on the labor conditions on Great Lakes ships by the Board of Conciliation and Investigation have been postponed again and again. Most of the shipping companies continue to discriminate against union men and are determined to avoid union recognition. A few companies, however, have agreed to deal with the union.

A sidelight on the "patriotic" activities of the war profiteers is furnished by the movement in Toronto to push the government into greater war expenditures. The "Greater War Effort" mass meeting, as well as the stream of resolutions, editorials, etc., calling for more tanks and airplanes, originated with Major Dingle, comptroller general of the Massey Harris Co., erstwhile manufacturers of agricultural machinery but now engaged in airplane and tank construction.

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The Scientists Split on the War

Harold Ward examines their stand on today's biggest issue. Will they hold with the people or aid the jingoes?

THE National Academy of Sciences, whose charter was approved by Abraham Lincoln in 1863, is America's blue-ribbon society of experts and specialists. Founded ostensibly for the purpose of advancing all the frontiers of knowledge, a significant clause in its charter provides that "the academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the government, investigate, examine, experiment, and report upon any subject of science or art. . . ." And all this without any compensation whatever.

These words look well on paper. They could even be quoted by the uncritical to prove that science *can* be organized in the public interest and that scientists *are* willing to reduce the vast distances separating their laboratories from the man in the street. Actually, however, and despite its numerous constructive activities, the National Academy of Sciences has developed into one of the most powerful technical arms of a government increasingly hostile to the needs of the people and to all genuine social legislation. During the Civil War its members "dealt actively with military and naval problems." This tradition was strongly enforced in 1916, when President Wilson established the National Research Council, a cooperative organization of scientific men drawn from and working with the National Academy. That this was definitely a war body is brought out by Points 4 and 5 of Wilson's "Executive Order," dated May 11, 1918. Point 5, *still in force,* reads:

> To direct the attention of scientific and technical investigators to the present importance of military and industrial problems in connection with the war, and to aid in the solution of these problems by organizing specific researches.

As the Department of Science and Research of the Council of National Defense, the National Research Council ably discharged its duties as technical watchdog of American imperialist aims in World War I. One of its rewards came in 1919, when the Rockefeller Foundation made a grant of over $2,000,000 for fundamental research in physics, chemistry, and mathematics. In succeeding years the same foundation, together with the General Education Board, has allocated other funds totaling more than $2,500,000 for the work of the council. That a large proportion of these, and other similar bequests, has supported many worthwhile scientific activities is unquestionable. The point is that the National Research Council, by both its origin and the nature of its support, is automatically an ally of the reactionary forces that control the government. The same is true of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in England and of the now thoroughly "coordinated" Academy of Sciences in Paris.

Eloquent proof of this is at hand. So eloquent that every decent-minded scientist in the country must have shuddered when reading a certain item in the May 3 issue of *Science* (weekly organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science). On April 22 and 23 the National Academy, parent body of the National Research Council, met in Washington to honor certain of its members for distinguished services to science and the nation. First came the award of the Agassiz Medal to Frank R. Lillie, whose achievements in the field of marine biology and oceanography deserve the highest praise. Then, incredible but in cold print, comes the announcement: PRESENTATION OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE MEDAL TO JOHN EDGAR HOOVER.

Just so. The National Academy of Sciences presumably represents the cream of America's intellectual leaders, technical experts, scientists, and specialists in every field of human knowledge. Nevertheless, it openly pays tribute to the man whose every official act, from the Palmer raids to the Detroit outrage early this year, violates every principle that science, if it is to survive, must defend at the drop of the hat.

In the language of the National Academy of Sciences, speaking with the voice and in the words of Mr. Max Mason:

> Hoover brought to this great agency of American law enforcement a high idealism, great organizing ability, and a trained mind. . . . Brain and character—not brawn—became the word. College graduates—not political castoffs—became his special agents. . . . In spirit and performance the work of John Edgar Hoover has exemplified the scientific way of life. . . .

With these sentiments, and the astonishing award which they commemorate, are associated many of the greatest leaders in American science and thought. Not actively, we may surely hope, but by virtue of their membership either in the academy or in the National Research Council, the following men have participated in thus honoring the chief of staff of the janissaries of American imperialism:

> Dr. C. G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins University; W. B. Cannon, Harvard University; McKeen Cattell, Cornell Medical College; Arthur H. and Carl T. Compton; James B. Conant, president of Harvard University; Simon Flexner, Rockefeller Institute; Arnold Gesell, Yale; L. J. Henderson, Harvard; Isador Lubin, Bureau of Labor Statistics; R. A. Millikan; Dr. Thomas R. Parran, surgeon general of the United States; Raymond Pearl, Johns Hopkins; Harlow Shapley, Harvard; James T. Shotwell, Columbia; E. C. Tolman, University of California; George C. Vaillant, American Museum of Natural History, New York; and Prof. Hans Zinsser, Harvard Medical School.

We wonder just how many of the above dignitaries realize how gravely the interests of science, progress, and freedom are compromised by the tribute paid by *their* organization to John Edgar Hoover of the FBI? Do they appreciate the significance of the fact that Mr. Hoover is the government's representative from the Department of Justice in the National Research Council? Can they—and thousands of other respected and progressive leaders in all walks of life—sanction this honor, which mistakes the highly publicized technical accomplishments of a glorified gendarme for the discipline, integrity, courage, and vision of the true scientist?

Another significant indication of reactionary and pro-war tendencies among scientists is to be found in recent actions of the American Psychiatric Association, which has just held a convention in Cincinnati. A synopsis on "national defense" issued by the association announces that a detailed questionnaire has been sent to all its members and fellows, requesting information on willingness to serve in case of war, qualifications for service, whether at home or abroad, and relevant facts that can be utilized by the War Department. We learn that, according to the association's official journal, the country has been divided into some twelve sections, each supervised by local, prominent psychiatrists, to coordinate steps for military mobilization of psychiatrists in the event of war or "other crisis." Note the ominous reference to "other crisis": apparently the psychiatrists are anticipating a Roman holiday of social disorders, unrest, domestic upheavals, and an assorted variety of psychopathological maladies. One can almost hear them intoning the macabre witch's song in Macbeth: "Fair is foul and foul is fair," rubbing their hands at the prospect of a laboratory swarming with 130,000,000 psychotic and demented guinea pigs. A proper academic "front" for all this Cassandra stuff is provided by the noted political psychoanalyst, Harold Lasswell, whose department in the quarterly journal *Psychiatry* discourses learnedly on such topics as "Continental or Hemispheric Defense." More recently, this journal has come out openly in favor of vast expenditures for arms in support of this fantastic "hemisphere" metaphysics.

President Roosevelt must have been deeply gratified, therefore, to receive the telegram sent by the association and signed by its president, Dr. Roscoe W. Hall, and Dr. Merrill Moore of the Harvard Medical School. For this telegram, sponsored by a group of men who above all others should know the ghastly human costs of war, urged:

> the imperative necessity of speeding all means of defense and preparatory mobilization of all social, financial, and industrial resources and manpower

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in order to emphasize concentration of the energies of this great nation upon whatever is necessary for a defensive war.

Stirring and constructive opposition to such M-Day hysteria is already being formulated. American scientists are beginning to realize that they are, as a body, an essential part of the great struggle against insecurity, war, and reaction. During the past few months the American Association of Scientific Workers has been working out a program which may be considered as a sharp rebuke to the pro-Hoover forces in the National Academy. The inflammatory jingoism of President Roosevelt before the Pan-American Scientific Congress is also roundly attacked in a vigorous anti-war petition sent to the President by the association, and signed by five hundred scientists, including two Nobel Prize winners.

In the same issue of *Science* which carried the announcement of the Hoover award appeared the "Peace Resolution" of the AASW. This document, in spite of its extreme brevity and tendency to academic generalization (to speak merely of "the present conflict in Europe" is like diagnosing symptoms without any attention to the real cause of the disease), is so important as an indicator of a new trend among scientists that I would like to quote its central theme in full:

> The futility of war is especially clear to scientists, for war, as a method of solving human problems, is out of harmony with the rational spirit and objective methods of science. Wherever objective analysis is permitted, the great advantages of peaceful procedure in the adjustment of conflict become obvious. Scientists deplore the fact that the fruits of their efforts are exploited for the ends of death and destruction and look to the future when science will be employed only in the one struggle worthy of it—man's never-ending contest with nature.

And the resolution concludes:

> We, the undersigned workers in science . . . therefore recommend to our fellow citizens the wholehearted support of all reasonable programs which seek a better understanding of the causes of war and which will preserve peace for the United States and bring peace to the world.

President Roosevelt, who tried so pompously to hornswoggle the members of the Pan-American Scientific Congress into an Orson Wellesian panic over a barbarian invasion "of all the Americas, from the Arctic to the Antarctic," should have the grace to feel pretty silly when he reads the above words. But, if the words fail to affect a man whose attorney general is today whitewashing John Edgar Hoover, "Public Welfare" hero of the National Academy of Sciences, he may be less indifferent to the names of the five hundred scientists who vigorously challenge his pro-war (and thus pro-Allied) policies.

Among these signers we may note:

Nobel Prize winners Dr. George H. Whipple and Dr. Arthur H. Compton; Thomas M. Rivers, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research; Harvey Fletcher, Bell Telephone Laboratories; Raymond T. Birge, University of California; Robert M. Yerkes, Yale; Walter Rautenstrauch, Columbia.

Prominent in this list is that grand old man of American anthropology, Dr. Franz Boas, who has been in the front rank of anti-war struggle. Dr. Boas, in a personal note accompanying the resolution, wrote: "Force can be defended *only* as a last resort of the hopelessly oppressed. It has no place in a democracy that gives freedom to all." Dr. Compton, who surely cannot approve of the Hoover award with which his name is officially connected, enforces this view: "Perhaps as much as any group," he writes, "the scientist sees that his own contribution to man's welfare is spoiled by war."

There are, of course, many who object to and quibble with this movement of our scientists against war hysteria. Dr. Rautenstrauch, in a recent letter to the New York *Times*, rightly criticizes the opposition of Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, famed pathologist of the Rockefeller Institute. Dr. Cohn, it appears, cannot sign the resolution because he objects to the statement that "science is creative, not wasteful or destructive," and because he believes that *some* wars may be necessary. These are obvious sophistries: the first amounts to a splitting of metaphysical hairs—what scientist would deny that there is "waste" and even "destruction" in the course of his legitimate researches, or consider that a reason for denying the essential value of science? As for the quibble that one must fight sometimes, Dr. Boas is certainly not troubled by such scruples: the use of force as a weapon by the "hopelessly oppressed" has nothing in common with a colossal war of rival imperialisms to extend and intensify such oppression throughout the world.

WAR SENTIMENT SEEN RISING IN U. S.

to keep out of the fighting.

"The trend of sentiment on going to war with Germany has been as follows:

" 'Do you think the United States should declare war on Germany and send our army and navy abroad to fight?'

	Yes.	No.
When war started (September, 1939)	6.0%	94.0%
October	5.0	95.0
December	3.5	96.5
After invasion of Norway (April, 1940)	3.7	96.3
Today (since invasion of Holland, Belgium and France)	7.0	93.0

"It is interesting to note the relation between events in the war and the trend of sentiment.

KEEP IN MIND *the headline while you read the story. This is how the New York "Times" for May 29 reports the latest Gallup poll. Increase of war sentiment is 1 percent over last September, although 3.5 percent over last December. Thirteen out of fourteen Americans are for peace. Would you guess that from the headline?*

An attempt at organized opposition to the anti-war program of the American Association of Scientific Workers is to be expected. In fact, it is already in evidence. Based on the specious argument that "isolation" of the United States in the present war will imperil a civilization now being hammered to pieces by carefully unnamed "totalitarian aggressors," a group of seventeen Princeton University professors call for active American assistance to the Allies. In another telegram to President Roosevelt these men, after sharply attacking the Peace Resolution of the AASW, commit themselves to the saber-rattling belief "that our best national defense consists in assistance to those forces which are now opposing this aggression." So, in slightly different language, declaimed our intellectual leaders during the "Preparedness" epidemic of 1916.

Heading the list of signers, his powerful and humane intelligence incapable of detecting the error in the subtle calculus of war, is the name of Albert Einstein. The man whose entire life symbolizes integrity in the pursuit of truth, whose experiences should have made him one of the world's most relentless enemies of militarism, terror, and persecution in *all* its forms—openly calls for more militarism, more persecution and terror. It is a tragic collapse and history will deal with it on her own terms. Odd, indeed, that the man who came to the United States because of its relative freedom from the horrible and sanguinary involvements of a decaying European capitalism should now wish to accelerate our own plunge to the depths of chaos. Odd, but supremely logical, for Einstein never learned to project the searching beam of scientific method upon the screen of social development. Rigorous and dialectical in his own work, in his beliefs and temperament he remains an idealist, one of those who still conceive that it is the task of philosophy to "explain" the world—not to *change* it.

On balance, and despite much confusion on concrete issues and basic principles, we can admit that many leaders of American science are groping toward the point of view long defended by such eminent English colleagues as J. B. S. Haldane, Hyman Levy, J. D. Bernal, and many others. They are moving in the direction of constructive social action, trying, however clumsily and hesitantly, to find the dialectical connection between their vastly ramifying technical activities and the problems of creating a decent world. They will not succeed easily or soon, for the forces of reaction have still many cards to play. When, however, they have learned where the real sources of their strength lie—among the working people of this country—they will be heard and their words will become deeds.

HAROLD WARD.

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Hill 666 Was a Rock in the Sky

Milt Wolff was the youngest major in the Spanish war. His reasons why he opposes this war.

Milt Wolff was the commander of the Lincoln Brigade in Spain. A major at twenty-four, he was considered one of the outstanding military men in the Spanish Republican Army. NEW MASSES presents his statement, in response to an invitation by Joseph North, as one of a series on the imperialist war by veterans of past wars. The series began last week with the article by Paul Crosbie, a lieutenant in the World War. In a forthcoming issue we shall publish a statement by Alvah Bessie, drama critic of NEW MASSES, and author of the book on Spain, *Men in Battle.*

DEAR JOE: I'm glad you asked me. The sounds of martial music are beginning to hit the crescendos and a lot of people are being awed into submission. Mr. Roosevelt leaves them little choice. But we Americans will snap out of it—are snapping out of it. You know we are supposed to be a nation of "money-talks" people. In a way we are. I've heard many people express a "what's in it for me?" slant. That's the way it should be, that's the way I think it is, and that's the way I want to write about it.

A guy came up to me the other day and asked me if I thought he had enough time to get married and have a kid so he could escape the first draft, at least. You see, he very much didn't want to go to this war, and at the same time he is dead certain that we are going to get sucked into it. Of course I told him that the only way he could escape the draft was to make sure there would be no drafting. And pretty soon he got the idea that I didn't want to get into this war either. He asked me how come since I went over to battle the Nazis when I didn't even have to and when there wasn't a damn thing in it.

WHAT WAR IS LIKE

Well, Joe, I started out by telling him just what a war was like. You know war isn't just getting killed or wounded, though that's bad enough. War to the soldier isn't all salients, blitzkriegs, flanks, wedges, and fancypants generals. I told him for instance about the time we were at Brunete for twenty days. How we ate about six days out of those twenty and starved the rest. How we were weak from nightly forced marches that sapped our strength and our sleep. How we were weaker still from diarrhea. How the sun burned our eyes in the daytime and how we froze on the chill hills at night. How we dug water out of dried-up creek beds. The front stank of burnt earth and rotting corpses, and you lay in your hole trying not to sleep, stunned by the sound of exploding shells and bombs, by the sight of living flesh bleeding to death. How we prayed to live and wanted to die and never understood how we had escaped death—only to be next. How we spent every "free" minute of our time digging into the earth for protection and when the hole was good and deep and we at last felt safe from anything but a direct hit—the order came to pull out to a new position. How your fox-hole had become part of you, like a shell, and how out of it you felt like nerves exposed.

War isn't just fighting. It's marching, for instance. Stumbling along for twenty, thirty, sixty miles without a rest. It's scraps of food and filth and vermin. It's orders, always orders. War is a prison; once you're in you're in. You have nothing to say about what you do or what happens to you (except in Spain, Joe). Everything you ever did before, the little things, like lighting a cigarette or taking your shoes off, goes by the board; everything becomes something you dream and scheme about doing some remote day.

It's a hell of a lot to go through and a man must be more than a man to take it. A man must be a man with a reason for taking it, otherwise the insanity of it gets the better of him. I guess that is why so many men went insane during the last world war. There they were battling through a nightmare and they couldn't tell why. The doctors said they were "shellshocked" and put them away. Sometimes you know what a war is about. I knew what it was about in Spain. I guess we all did. And because we knew what it was about and because we were in it of our own free wills, we had practically no cases of "shellshock." And believe me it wasn't because we weren't being shelled.

Yes, Joe, I told him that there was something in that war for an American. We could have beaten fascism and fascism's phony undercover friends. We could have won peace then and for all times. We fought that war on the Iberian Peninsula but the front stretched from Washington through Tokyo to Paris, Rome, Berlin, London, and on to Madrid. We were on the front lines of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Holland, and Belgium long before those countries were guaranteed by Britain only to have the Nazi locusts swarming over them. We were fighting to keep America at peace when Mr. Roosevelt stuck his tongue in his cheek and made a speech. At this point I got pretty political, as you can see, Joe. I gave him the same truths and facts about the war you print every week. I'll skip most of that. I told him this story of hill 666 up in the Sierra Pandols.

HILL 666

Hill 666 was a rock sticking into the sky. Around Hill 666 were a couple of hundred Spaniards, Americans, Canadians, and British. Hill 666 was an important key to the Ebro bridgehead we had established. For three days and three nights the fascists bombed and shelled our positions, particularly the position held by the Spaniards and Americans. We had no trenches since you can't dig into stone. No roads; even mules couldn't climb to our positions. No food for the men to carry up because our food truck had been hit by a shell on the road below us. We huddled behind makeshift stone barricades, barricades that were blown away from in front of us, every splintered stone becoming a hundred pieces of deadly shrapnel. The wounded cursed where they fell because the stretcher bearers couldn't come up to get them. And for three days and sleepless nights we threw back wave after wave of attacking fascists. We replaced the stones in the barricades, while Chamberlain and Daladier were working out the last details for Hitler's coming-out party at Munich. Joe Bianca was bleeding to death while Leon Blum was making the French frontier safe for Mussolini to send troops into southern France. Jose Valledor was yelling into the blue for a hundred planes while Roosevelt was dreaming of M-Day and fifty thousand planes for his war.

Spaniards, Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and the men of fifty-six countries perched on that rock, bleeding and fighting to stave off the second world war. And in their hands guns made in the Soviet Union—a friend.

I told him, too, about how I got sent up to Rikers Island the other day. We went to picket the French consulate because of the Spanish refugees. Daladier having failed to win over Franco by selling out the Spanish republic was making his last bid for Franco's affection. He was sending 200,000 Spaniards who had escaped to France back to Franco's prison battalions and firing squads. So we picketed the French consulate in order to let the American people know what was happening in France, in order maybe to save the lives of the people for whose very existence we fought.

LaGuardia, the little flower (littler than I thought), got tough. He mustered eight hundred policemen to cope with this dangerous attack on an Ally so close to his heart. Ten of us spent between fifteen and thirty days with smoke-hounds, cokies, fire-alarm ringers, and what have you, up on Rikers Island, the prison beautiful, where they kick you around, starve you, and sweat you—in a "nice" way.

All we wanted to do was save the lives of homeless refugees. Now we learn that six hundred former members of the International Brigade interned in a concentration camp in Belgium have fallen into the hands of the Nazis. We haven't heard about them since.

Everything a man lives by and for was tied up in Spain's fight—democracy, peace, security, family. In the European war people have lost most of these things already. If America becomes any more involved than it is today, we shall lose everything. This isn't our war.

You and I and everybody else must fight every inch of the way against any and every measure to bring us in. From the way our President is speechifying, he is on the defensive. Let's keep him that way until we defeat his plans. Salud. MILT WOLFF.

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In Sweet Revenge

Officer Hagood tells why he beat O'Dee Henderson to death. "Negroes have been whipped as long as there's been a jail."

"It has to be that way as long as there are so many Negroes living here," said Councilman Brandon. *"They've got to be put in their place. When I tell a Negro to do something I expect him to do it. If he doesn't you hit him. If a Negro had a blackjack and I had a gun, I'd be a fool not to shoot him."*

"It could have happened any time during the past two years," said Councilman Brown. *"If it had not so happened that they killed Henderson his beating and all the other beatings would never have come to light."*

"I beat him with all my might," said Officer Hagood, *"in sweet revenge."*

When Chairman Allgood sighed and asked rhetorically, "I wonder if there are beatings of Negroes in other jails besides this one," *a titter ran through the crowd.*

THIS is not a nightmare. You'll find every word of it and four crowded columns more under a headline reading: "MOVE TO FIRE POLICE FAILS BY ONE VOTE" in the Scripps-Howard Birmingham *Post* for May 14, 1940.

It was said at a meeting of the Fairfield, Ala., City Council called to investigate conditions in the Fairfield Jail. Fairfield, Ala., belongs to the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. The TCI belongs to US Steel.

O'Dee Henderson was a Negro steel worker. Even according to his murderers this is what happened: In Officer Hagood's words,

"The Negro had walked into him on a street in Fairfield and when he pushed the Negro away and cursed him, the Negro began flailing him with his fists . . . he saw the Negro's eyes grow 'real big' and he became scared and ran."

Who ran is not clear, but that O'Dee Henderson was arrested, *"slapped twice"* because he wouldn't *"move over promptly"* in the auto that was taking him to the Fairfield Jail, *"slapped"* again because he was *"impudent in telling what his address was,"* *"slapped"* again because *"he kept getting out of his seat"* at the police station, *"beaten twenty or thirty times"* with a leather strap—all this is very clear. Also the fact that Henderson is dead.

"OFFICER NELSON ADMITTED HE HAD HIT HENDERSON TWO TIMES WITH A BLACKJACK BEFORE HE SHOT HIM. HE SAID HE HIT HENDERSON BECAUSE HE WAS UNRULY AND KEPT TRYING TO GET OUT OF HIS SEAT."

It seems that there had been considerable reluctance to the *"whole thing being made public."* Chairman Allgood of the Fairfield City Council was certain that *"the average man would not be interested in all this putridness."* Councilman Brown added that *"Negroes were often beaten at the jail . . . he knew of fifty such cases."* And as for the particular officers involved in Henderson's death, *"they were no worse offenders than other officers on the force."*

But there is a young clergyman in Fairfield, the Rev. Ted Hightower of the Fairfield Methodist Church. And he was determined that these facts be made known.

So the City Council met, called together by Mayor C. N. Gilley, listened to numerous members of the police force corroborating each other's statements regarding the number of beatings each had administered, bemoaned the fact that some people were sufficiently misguided to be surprised by the disclosures made, and finally voted on a motion to have those guilty dismissed from the police force. The vote was four to four and the issue was decided five to four in favor of the police by the chairman.

Councilman Brown was greatly pleased at the outcome—so pleased that he gave the statement quoted at the beginning of this story to the press with the additional information that: "NEGROES HAVE BEEN WHIPPED AS LONG AS THERE'S BEEN A JAIL. IT WILL BE THAT WAY AS LONG AS THERE IS A DECENT POLICE FORCE."

This crime against the rights and liberties of the American people was committed on May 14, 1940. This insult to human dignity was boastfully spread over the front page of a daily newspaper in a big American city. But it's not an isolated instance of brute force run wild. It is only one of the most outrageous examples of police brutality that come pouring by the hundreds into the office of the International Labor Defense. It is one of the crassest admissions of the terror regime to which the Negro people are subjected in a country whose President is ready to send millions of young Americans, Negro and white, to their death to "preserve civilization."

Big Bill Haywod once said that the history of the United States was written in blood and tears. The death of Negro steel worker O'Dee Henderson has added another chapter. He was slaughtered by Southern forces of law and order whose most eloquent spokesmen are ranting and raving on the floors of Congress about "fifth columns" and "subversive influences." Riding astride Trojan horses, they wave the flag in one hand and red herrings in the other, while war drums beat hysterical crescendos to more and greater violence.

Not loud enough, gentlemen, never loud enough to drown out the voices of those whose blood and tears is making the history of our country.

SASHA SMALL.

Aime

"The whole Wall Street—I mean world—is in danger."

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Two Men on a Trojan Elephant

Pompous Vandenberg and fastidious Taft go for a presidential ride. Their chances for nomination. What about Wendell Willkie? Barbara Giles surveys the GOP race.

"AMERICA," Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg has discovered, "is at the crossroads." The senator from Michigan should know. His talent for discovering crossroads goes back at least to 1928 when he first entered Congress. Periodically, in major and minor crises, the senator finds a crossroads and, having found it, he stands there pointing—to himself. This time it's the war-or-peace crossroads. Mr. Vandenberg, extending a forefinger toward Peace, makes no secret of the fact that he is really pointing to Mr. Vandenberg—specifically, Mr. Vandenberg in the White House. There's a slight strain in this attitude, owing to the fact that Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio is standing right by the senator from Michigan and is also pointing, but to Mr. Taft. Some months back these two rivals for the presidential nomination agreed to bury the hatchet in Thomas E. Dewey, who was growing so fast that chopping him down became a joint duty of self-preservation. Now they hope that Dewey's youth, once his major asset, will practically eliminate him in this time of international crisis. If they are correct (which is by no means certain) the GOP road to the White House and Peace is left to Taft, Vandenberg, and a few dark horses—and neither of the two leading contenders has the faintest intention of saying, "After you."

Aside from this, however, the candidates agree in the main on all points, particularly on two: that voters can be convinced the road to peace is known only to the GOP; and that it leads straight to the arsenals and bookkeeping departments of Weir and Ford. ("No meddling in foreign affairs, build the army and navy, and away with the dirty [pre-war] New Deal that foments class conflict and won't let industry save the country by taking it over.") This requires some fancy footwork. Taft, for example, made a speech in St. Louis pooh-poohing FDR's talk of foreign invasion and rushed back to Washington to oppose Senator La Follette's proposal to deprive industry of its anti-labor guns and bombs—because, said Mr. Taft, industry needs its private munitions to repel foreign attackers. Mr. Vandenberg, as well as his rival, has to pretend that his audiences never read the newspapers when he berates FDR for neglecting "the finest minds of industry." Both candidates are sprinting along furiously in the administration-led "fifth column" hunt while they claim that Roosevelt himself is subversive.

Soriano

Robert A. Taft

VANDENBERG'S FOREIGN POLICY

Vandenberg has a dubious advantage on the foreign-policy angle. He led the battle against embargo repeal and is known as an isolationist. For twelve years he has been a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. These things enhance his reputation as a peace champion—too much, perhaps, for the GOP. The question is: can Arthur straddle as gracefully as the Republican platform on peace may require? No doubt he can be persuaded to try. In fact, his isolationist fame might possibly be used to make his "conversion" at the proper moment more dramatic ("Circumstances have made it inexorably clear that to combat these barbaric hordes . . ."). There are, however, potential dangers in this strategy and the Republican command may prefer something simpler.

As a straddler, Taft wouldn't do so badly. He voted for embargo repeal, claiming it would keep us out of war by making the Allies' power more nearly equal to Germany's. The senator insists now that it did keep us out of war—after all, we aren't in, are we? But his neutrality, he is careful to point out, is superior to FDR's: purer in intention, more virtuous in action. However: "Conditions change too rapidly today and foreign policy is a practical question which must be adjusted to meet new conditions as they arise." Remember, Mr. Taft went abroad after the last World War to help Herbert Hoover distribute bread and capitalist faith. He collected decorations from the governments of Belgium, Poland, and Finland, and had a pretty good time, except in Paris where the night life made him shudder. You can't expect him to be *too* isolationist; still less, with his Coolidge caution, to build a fence so high that he can't climb atop it when necessary.

Soriano

Arthur H. Vandenberg

In addition, Taft has a "sounder" domestic record than Vandenberg in the eyes of GOP bigwigs. He has never been forced, as was Vandenberg in 1934, to win reelection in a Democratic landslide by changing his spots to a delicate shade of New Dealism. Taft has been hanged in effigy by Toledo's unemployed for his work against WPA—which is enough in itself to endear him to Tom Girdler forever. Some of the campaign contributors are said to feel that while both the boys voice the line correctly, Vandenberg may have less right to it. It is even reported that Wall Streeters wonder whether he can be "trusted." Don't laugh too quickly: people far more liberal than Mr. Girdler are fond of dismissing Vandenberg by saying that he is inconsistent, that he "cancels out . . . stands on both sides of a question . . . sometimes supports progressive legislation." They say that he got himself out on a limb by his ardor in the munitions investigation: you can't expect big business to like a man who asks ugly questions about du Pont profits, can you—especially when du Pont's General Motors is a powerful industry in the senator's own state?

NOT SO STRANGE

It's a shame to destroy this appearance of paradox (Vandenberg's sole claim to human interest) by saying, "Henry Ford," but there's the truth. Arthur H. is Ford's boy rather than General Motors'; and since the latter is Ford's rival, the senator's crusade against du Pont takes on the heroic proportions of a county sheriff's obedience to the man who foots his campaign bills. His isolationism is Ford's. While the Dearborn anti-Semite won't lose money in a world war—he made $170,000,000 during the last one—neither will he get out of M-Day what

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the du Ponts will. Mr. Ford can promise to turn out a thousand planes a day—*if* the government doesn't "interfere" with him—but he doesn't own munitions factories. No member of his family has married a Roosevelt. It is William Knudsen of General Motors, not Ford, who sits on FDR's Council of National Defense. Industrial Coordination won't be entirely pleasant for Henry, who is not in the habit of "coordinating" with either his fellow auto magnates or the banks. In fact Mr. Ford has about the same feeling as Father Coughlin concerning J. P. Morgan and "international bankers." Nor does he relish a war on the Fuehrer, who once decorated him for his Jew-baiting services.

This is not to imply that Mr. Vandenberg praises the Nazis or uses the phrase "international bankers." He is, in fact, one of the smoothest stuffed shirts in Washington and Michigan. The senator never relaxes his stranglehold on respectability. His speeches, for all their resounding obscurities, show plenty of grubbing research and leave a general impression of thoughtfulness. He has even acquired a genteel touch of Midwestern insurgency. It's pretty transparent but it serves a purpose—something like the senator's device of plastering long hairs from one side of his head over the bald area on top. About a decade ago he led the "young Turks" in the Senate in opposition to old guard extremism. It was Arthur's idea, and a correct one, that the electorate would want something in 1932 that at least looked different from Hoover. Old guard Senator Moses of New Hampshire promptly dubbed him "Kemal Pasha"; but for the real insurgents, led by Norris and La Follette, Moses had a meaner phrase, "the sons of the wild jackass." The two groups had nothing in common.

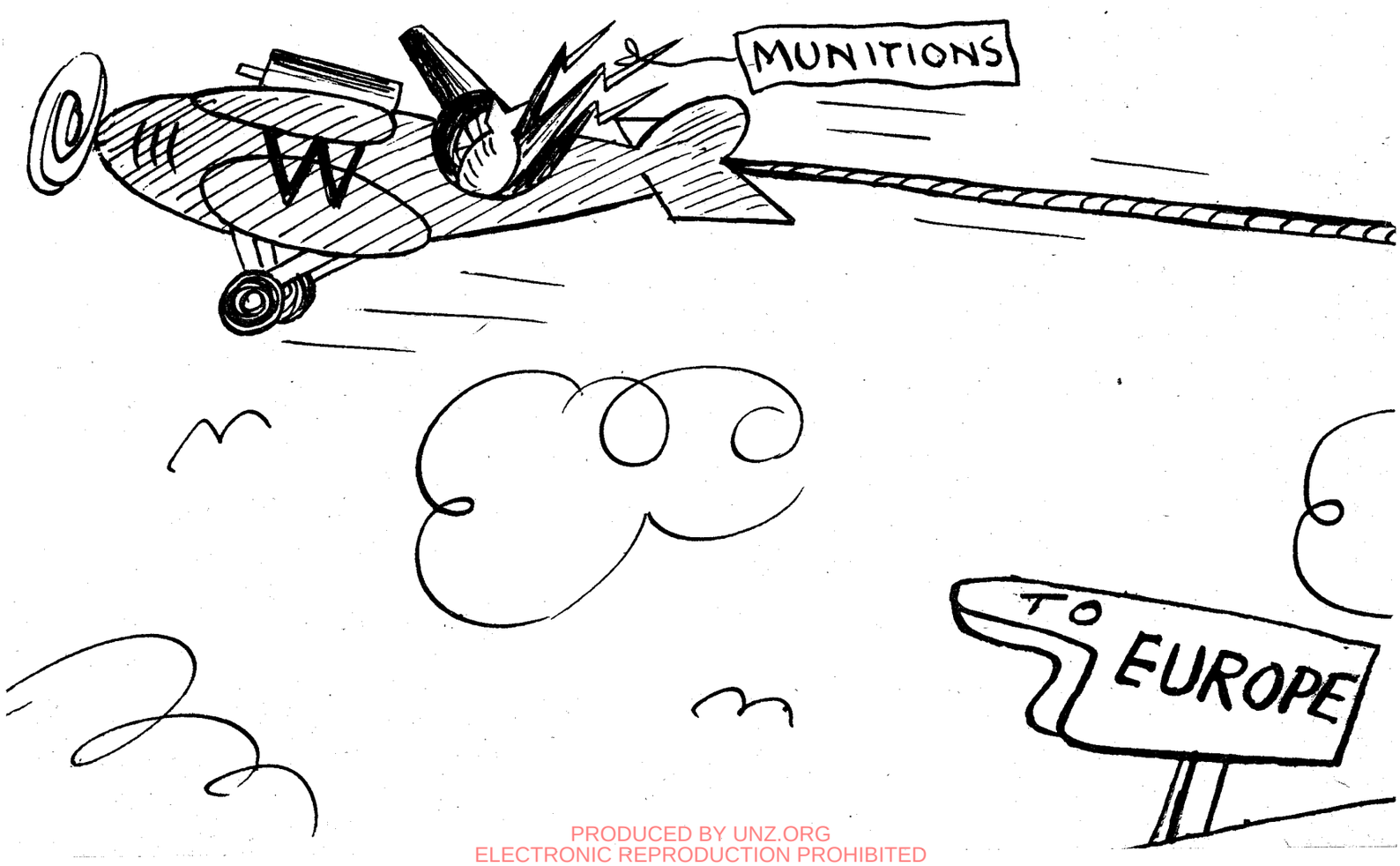
In his 1934 campaign Vandenberg nearly gave his constituents the impression that Republicans had authored the New Deal and Democrats had ruined it (he now says that it "attacks the best that is American"). He has, it is true, made some bows to progressive demands by drawing up a child labor amendment, by voting (sometimes) for housing or for higher surtaxes. Where it's safe, or expedient, he will occasionally make the proper gesture. This enables his supporters to give out delicate intimations that he bears a hitherto unnoticed resemblance to the late William E. Borah, while the senator boasts in his campaign material that the Chicago *Tribune,* America's most reactionary newspaper, regards him as "the most useful member of the Senate."

THE GIVEAWAY

To prove Vandenberg inconsistent it isn't necessary to search out the faint smears of liberalism. The man who opposes meddling in foreign affairs wants to send the ambassador of a peaceful, neutral nation, the Soviet Union, back where he came from. He wants to stop the policy of foreign silver purchases at present prices because it aids "the Communistic government of Mexico." The man who helped Harding write his campaign speeches, who saw Teapot Dome explode under Harding, is appalled at the "waste and corruption" of New Dealism. He's against government interference with business but he wants to put over a "profit-sharing" plan by which labor, in return for some extra pennies from industry, would abandon its right to strike. And the man who is thus solicitous of labor's share in profits has voted against the Wagner act, the Wage-Hour Act, the Walsh-Healey law, and practically every scrap of labor legislation with the single exception of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act. His relief record is just as bad.

He is a bland person, this Arthur H. Vandenberg. He is a windbag, a double-chinned gent with too much pomp and paunch and a kewpie smile. You can laugh at his mixed metaphors ("The Trojan Horse . . . is at its gnawing work") and his campaign-pamphlet warnings ("Any Communist who votes for him would be wasting his vote"). But he can be dangerous. Mr. Vandenberg, aspiring to the presidency, promises to "clear the track of every subversive influence that internally threatens our form of government." By "subversive" the scholarly senator with the big bright eyes means just what you think he does—he means you. War may have one or two aspects that haven't been entirely adjusted to suit Henry Ford (though they undoubtedly will be); but war economy is something that Ford himself might have invented. It's a sort of national extension of the Ford brutality as set forth in the NLRB's recent report. It involves mass production, speedup, unrestrained profits. Under such conditions Mr. Vandenberg would feel as much at home in the White House as in Michigan.

On this subject, Taft of course is as Van-



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denberg. You can learn more about it from the Ohioan, since he speaks with greater clarity than his rival. Vandenberg will wrap a nugget like "A profit system without profits is unthinkable" in layers of tissue philosophy; Taft says simply, "I would administer laws against monopoly in a spirit of friendliness to business," and you can take it or leave it. On war economy the senator from Ohio will practically give you a blueprint. It's like the Democratic blueprint except that it would be carried out by Republicans—which is a vital point to Taft, Vandenberg, and other anti-coalitionists in the GOP. The joyous prospect of taking over a war economy, with its armament billions, its spoils, its reaction unconfined, excites them more than any idea of sitting in at a banquet presided over by Franklin D. Roosevelt. They claim that their banquet is richer, more exclusive. Speaking in St. Louis, Taft made clear that he would like to take from the unemployed even the crumbs of relief represented in the last WPA appropriation. He accused the administration of letting the La Follette Civil Liberties Bill come up in the Senate "over the adverse reports of the army and navy." He warned that there was more danger from "the ideas of the New Deal circle in Washington than . . . from the activities of Communists. . . ."

FDR'S LOYAL OPPOSITION

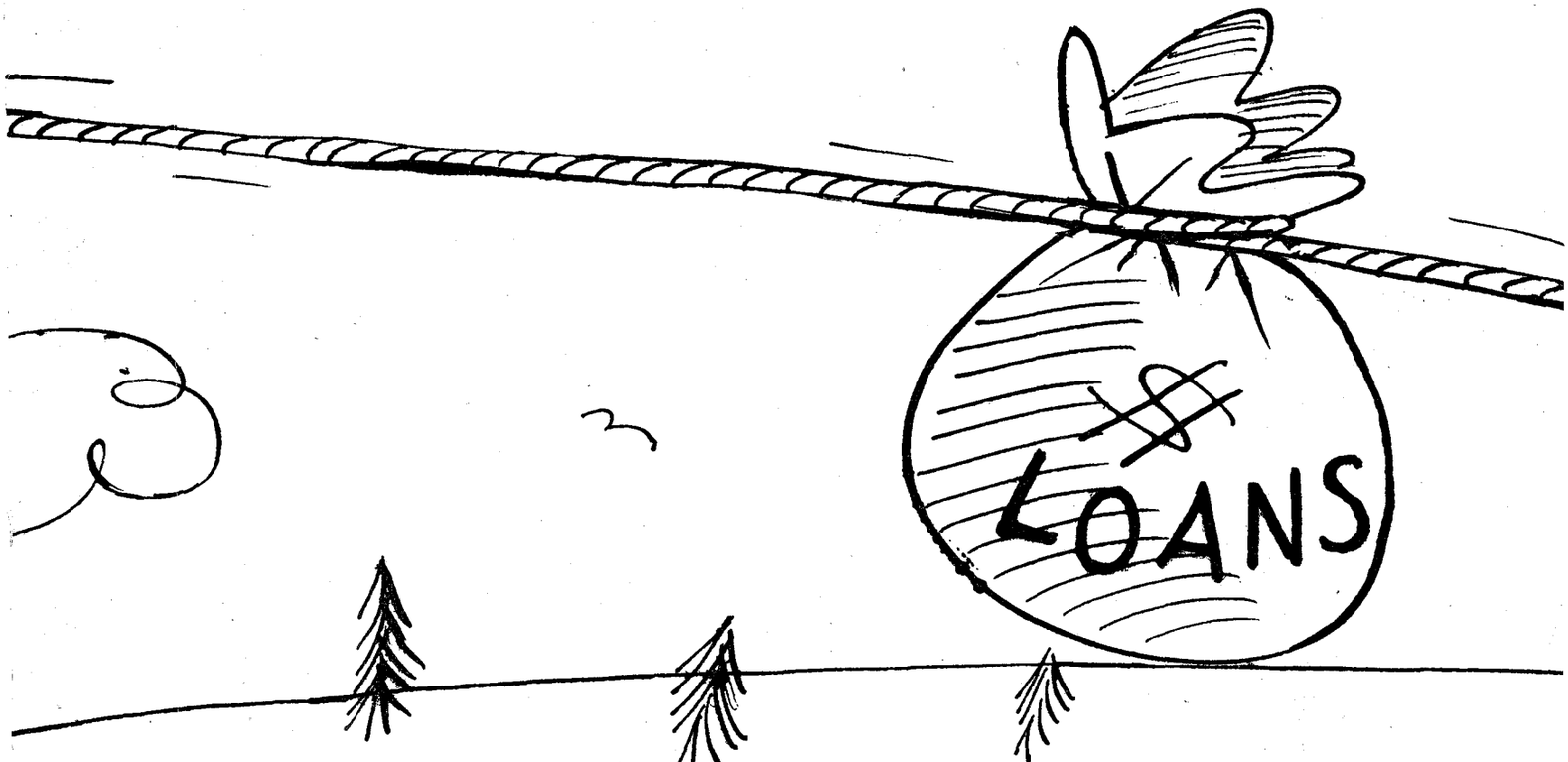
Since smiling in public is always painful for Mr. Taft it's easy for him to present these pictures of the current "New Deal" with a straight face. Back in Washington he, together with Vandenberg, did Roosevelt a good turn by cutting the heart out of the La Follette bill. They will go down the line for everything FDR wants—persecution, blackjacking, spying—and pretend they're doing it in opposition to That Man. Taft, paraphrasing the Emperor Augustus who said, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions," cried in St. Louis, "Franklin, Franklin, give us back our billions!" Publicly, this refers to the New Deal's "waste" of billions now wanted by the brass hats. Privately, it is the Republicans' program.

It's a sign of the times that this man's candidacy has climbed in the last few weeks. He is a duller Coolidge, a more ungainly Harding. GOP strategists may reckon that since the White House is now sheltering the money-changers, they can dispense with liberal pretenses, as well as glamour, in a candidate. What the industrialists want—the industrialists now gathered around Roosevelt—is a "safe" man, a plain man, a plain-*spoken* man. Taft is that. The "American democracy" which his speeches defend is identified in one-syllable words with finance capital's sacred right of self-rule. He's agin the NLRB, the Wage-Hour law, housing legislation, the Guffey Coal Act, the TVA, federal relief, and crop loans. And he says so. In this respect he has a slight edge on Vandenberg, whose scholarship and blandness have never kept him from shooting off his mouth on every occasion. You can't do that for twelve years in the Senate without leaving some confusion in the record. Taft's three years as a senator and his legislative service in Ohio are unblemished by this type of verbosity.

He disdains even to put on an act for the electorate. This is done for him by his wife, the energetic, charming Martha, who dashes around the country telling audiences that her husband is a brilliant, rich person and a Yale man whom they should choose to "lead" them. Between Martha and other Taft campaigners, notably Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the candidate is presented as a shy, honest, competent businessman who doesn't *want* to be a Dynamic Hero (like you know who) but prefers instead to bring back the comfortable, common sense days of 1924-28. No "popular" nonsense about Bob: no baby-kissing, handshaking, or backslapping; he is too bashful, too unaffected. . . .

It's a pretty picture, if you don't look too closely. If you do, you may see that Bob's aversion is not so much to backslapping as to the people whose backs he would have to slap. He detests the popular in the sense that the word derives from "people." Mr. Taft cannot bear "mobs," "mixing with the boys." His incongruous Happy Hooligan grin comes naturally only in private. There is nothing in him of Papa's or Brother Charles Taft's expansive cordiality. Bob Taft is a provincial snob, happiest in his home town of Cincinnati where his family's wealth and prestige have been entrenched for generations. His puritanism, which is generally interpreted as a heritage of his strong Vermont ancestry, is the narrow, trivial kind. It expresses itself in a distaste for smoking and more than occasional drinking, thrift in small things, rigidity.

In larger matters Bob's fastidious stomach can stand an amazing lot. Fifteen years ago



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he fought to preserve for Cincinnati Republicans a machine rule whose power and corruption had stirred the admiration of Boss Pendergast of Kansas City. Moreover, he fought against his own brother Charles, who was among the promoters of the city-manager plan that finally took effect. Nor is the candidate too refined to dicker below the Mason-Dixon Line for what the politicos elegantly term "black and tan" delegations. Such dickering, carried on largely with Negro betrayers of their race like Perry Howard, Republican committeeman from Mississippi, requires wherewithal—a fact that shouldn't bother Taft any. His family's fortune is estimated to be well in the millions and his relatives—e.g., David S. Ingalls of Cleveland Taft's campaign manager—were born with enough silver spoons to stock a wedding chest. Taft is also supposed to have the backing of George Harrison, president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and heaven knows how many Ohio nabobs. The law firm of Taft, Stettinius & Hollister caters to corporations, especially utilities. In 1936 the Taft forces spent $250,000 to get him the GOP senatorial nomination and another $159,000 to defeat poor, dear Senator Bulkley, who couldn't make up his mind whether or not he was a New Dealer. Obviously, in a Taft campaign for the presidency money would be no consideration. And besides wealth, the candidate has the family name, which is famous and short. The last quality is important: headline writers must have no excuse, however great the temptation, to abbreviate "Robert A. Taft" by using only the initials.

Ohio's last gift to the White House, the ineffable Harding, was picked by the GOP in a smoke-filled room after approval had been obtained from Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania's big party boss. Taft is not a dark horse, as Harding was; but it is already rumored that he has the favor of moneybags Joe Pew, Pennsylvania's 1940 boss, who may do the final picking at Philadelphia less than three weeks hence. Considering Taft's qualifications, the rumor is not at all surprising. Mr. Pew, however, is not saying anything yet and he still has a large selection. Besides Taft, Vandenberg, and Dewey, there are Representative Martin of Massachusetts, Governor Bricker of Ohio, Frank Gannett, Senator McNary of Oregon, the perennially hopeful Hoover, and lesser possibilities.

And let us not forget Wendell Willkie. Until recently Mr. Willkie was a sort of Trojan dark horse, who had backed into the circle of Republican aspirants with FDR's "short of war" position. These days he looks rather less Trojan and not so dark among Republicans. More than 24,000 voters recently wrote in his name when Thomas E. Dewey's was offered them on the New Jersey primary ballot. The Gallup poll reports a 100 percent rise in his popularity since May 17. Of course it's still said that no political party will dare run a utilities corporation chief for President. Well, what's the difference between a utilities magnate and the Wall Street war brides now honeymooning along the Potomac? The real difficulty with Mr. Willkie is that his "peace" position, which is technically opposite to Vandenberg's, may make the straddling process hard for him. Just the same there's a lot of point in Dorothy Thompson's advice to the GOP—that it get together with the Democrats and support Roosevelt for a third term with Willkie as his running mate. Couldn't Miss Thompson make a place on the ticket for Norman Thomas? If we're to have such candid, realistic exhibitions of reaction, let's have them complete.

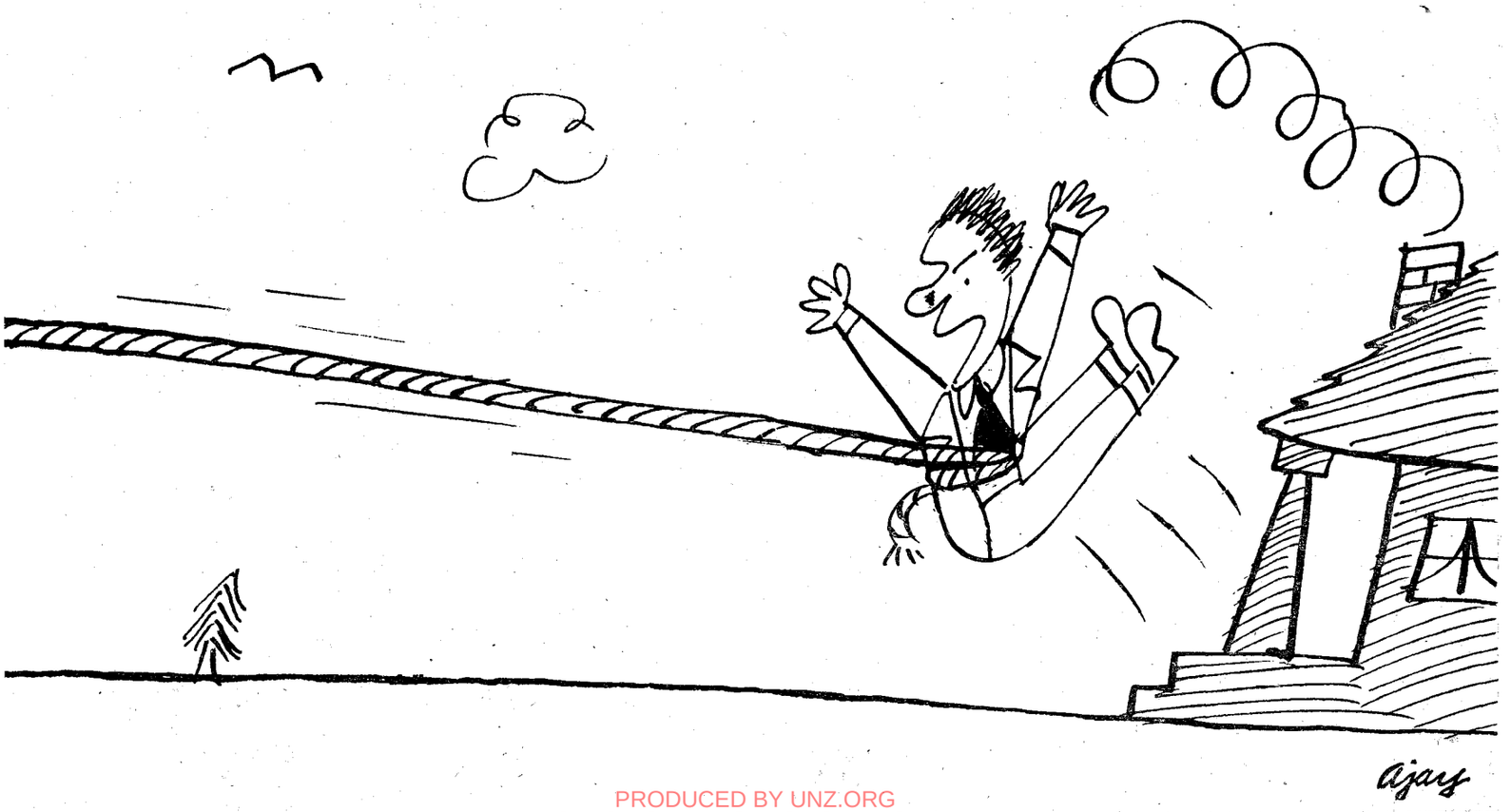
BARBARA GILES.

Guaranteed Not to Matter

"TALK of Hoover's nomination [for the presidency] has been revived as a result of the war. It reflects the feeling that he is the most qualified candidate, and the growing belief that the war has made a Democratic victory certain no matter what the GOP does."—*News story by Charles Van Devander in the New York "Post," May 20.*

Take a Second Look

"WHEN I was in Finland all of us American correspondents got badly sucked in on a story about a Russian bombing attack on a beautiful but obsolete old tenth century castle in Obo. Only, as it turned out later, this particular art treasure was about a hundred yards from a wharf onto which the Finns were unloading military supplies from abroad, and which was therefore fair game for bombers in any kind of war."—*W. L. White in his column, "Take a Look," New York "Post," May 27.*



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They Are Beating the Plowshares . . .

The farmers need help—and Roosevelt offers them the sword. Anna Rochester, author of "Why Farmers Are Poor," tells why a war economy will not drive poverty from the countryside.

IN TURNING toward war policies, the New Deal has not yet suggested that the farmer has anything to gain from them. Secretary Wallace and all farmers of middle age remember too seriously the terrific crash which followed the boom of the first world war to wish for any repetition of that experience. As yet, there is no immediate prospect of a similar boom.

When the war began on September 3, speculators bid up prices on the Wheat Pit but, as exports failed to increase, the boomlet died down. A slight increase in prices resulted from the short crop of winter wheat, but the Department of Agriculture warns us against expecting "any substantial increase in our agricultural exports during the next year or so, at least." Later, they say, the Allies might be turning to the United States as the most accessible market. But as the situation tightens, exports would have to be financed by American loans.

COTTON

Cotton exports were larger for a few months after September 1 than they had been in recent times. But this was not a war boom. British mills had postponed purchases of American cotton in the hope that the cotton held under government loan might be released at a low price. They are now well stocked up for the coming months.

The use of trade as a political weapon in wartime has already brought a sharp crisis to the tobacco farmers in our Southern states. For Britain, wooing Turkey as an ally, suddenly increased its purchases of Turkish tobacco and left the tobacco growers in the South with an unsold surplus and a sharp drop in prices.

Here at home it has become more and more clear that President Roosevelt expects human needs to give way before the expansion of war expenditures. His budget, presented to Congress when the European war was beginning its fifth month, included drastic cuts in benefit payments to farmers along with the cuts in WPA. Congressmen, nearer than the President to the needs of the farmers, have not accepted all the budget cuts. But it appears now that government payments in the coming year will be smaller than they have been.

What has the New Deal actually done about the farmers' price problems? What has it accomplished and what has it failed to accomplish? Even under the shadow of war these are important questions.

FARM PRICES

Cotton under 6 cents a pound; 33-cent wheat; beef cattle bringing farmers little more than $3 per hundred pounds; and hogs selling far below that figure were in the news that Franklin D. Roosevelt had to ponder before he entered the White House on that critical first Saturday of March 1933. For all farm products combined, the price index had fallen in February 1933 about 62 per cent below the level of February four years earlier when the prosperity bubble of the twenties had not yet burst. Other prices had dropped also, but much less sharply. Allowing for changes in the farmer's dollar, the total cash income of farmers had a purchasing power about 41 percent less in 1932 than in 1929.

Farmers' price and income problems are still acute. Seven years of New Deal have failed to restore the price levels and purchasing power which farmers had before the crisis of the 1930's. Government payments added $800,000,000 to farmers' cash income last year, but as a class they could still buy less than they had bought in 1929.

The New Deal has talked of restoring not merely the situation of 1929 but the earlier, pre-World War balance between farm and non-farm prices and income. For everyone admits that the farmers had small share in the "prosperity" of the post-war decade. The collapse of the World War boom brought serious disaster, and such farm recovery as was achieved in the twenties left the farmers at a serious disadvantage in comparison with the rest of the population. Their pound of cotton, or bushel of wheat, or hundred pounds of hog, or beef on the hoof had a lower purchasing power than cotton, wheat, and livestock had had before the World War.

Throughout the 1920's irregularities in volume of production and in market conditions brought peaks and sharp depressions for each important item. But whether we take the average for any one product or the yearly index for all farm products together, prices received by farmers ran consistently lower after the World War than the prices paid for things farmers have to buy. A farmer had to produce and sell more if his income was to provide the living standards he had had before the war.

Not only that, but owner-farmers were carrying a much larger debt and paying higher taxes than formerly. The average debt on mortgaged owner-farms and the average tax per acre represented a volume of farm production at least 52 percent above pre-war. No wonder farmers were losing their farms through sales for unpaid taxes or foreclosures against delinquent mortgage payments.

MARKET TRENDS

Three obvious market trends were operating against the farmers. First, the drive among the imperialist powers for self-sufficiency was cutting down the exports of American farm products. Great Britain bought more wheat and beef from her own dominions or from Argentina, with whom she has close economic bonds. Cultivation of cotton in Egypt, the Sudan, and India reduced British dependence upon American cotton. The Japanese, offering strong competition to British textiles, also sought greater independence from American cotton and encouraged cotton growing in Brazil and elsewhere.

Second, the motor age, which has driven horses off the roads and made them secondary to tractors on the larger farms, cut seriously into the former home market for hay and feed grains. And, third, monopoly forces were strengthened among the traders and processors who stand between farmers and consumers and exploit them both.

All these trends were present during "prosperity" and were intensified by the economic crisis. Added to them then was the mass unemployment which increased rapidly after the crash of 1929 and directly worsened the farmers' situation. Jobless workers and their families had to eat less and they could not buy cotton goods. The shutting down of factories and the building industries also cut directly into the market for cotton, since about 40 percent of the cotton consumed in this country goes into industrial uses.

The Department of Agriculture keeps reminding us that farmers' income rises and falls

For Moissaye Olgin

1878-1939.

Culprit is death who knifed him,
who caught him when the last reel
showed conflict tracking on the screen,
showed autumn like a newsboy
selling the last, the deadliest edition,
showed old December's monkey
scratching for pennies in rich faces.
Death trumped him for a few cards,
bungled his last beginning:
for his was knitting life, cement
for budding stones. Our modern hour
cries for the thinking hand, the walking mind,
eyes like a building and a heart
like river tunnels quick and deep.
So through retreats and grey advances
in rain or man's tribunal
his voice was prayer, his meaning stern.
But sorrowing now we place our wreaths
where men may someday lay
a richer theft from death: ransom
in revolution.

E. G. BURROWS.

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in close relation with total industrial payrolls. Secretary Wallace has stated more than once that if all the jobless were at work the farmers' market problem would be in a fair way toward solution. According to his *Agricultural Situation* (January 1939): "If the country as a whole were fully at work . . . consumer expenditures for food would be perhaps five billion to six billion dollars greater and probably half of this sum would be passed on to farmers."

But capitalism in decay has paralyzed such normal activity. Large supplies and destitute masses are separated by a seemingly impassable barrier. (In 1933 Nature took a hand in showing up the cruel irony of the situation by giving exceptionally bountiful yields.) And no measures of the New Deal have succeeded in breaking down this inherent brutality of the capitalist system. Consider the facts.

Federal aid to direct relief funds has been wholly lacking during the past three years. The work relief program under WPA has been cut again and again, although the increase of industrial activity has not brought a corresponding increase in employment. The Federal Surplus Commodities Corp. is supposed to bridge the gap between the farmers' "surplus" and the needs of the poorest non-farm masses. But its greatest achievement, under the stamp plan as it now operates in certain cities, is an increase in the food available for the unemployed from the equivalent of $1 per person per week to $1.50 per person per week. Under it the jobless family on relief actually have not 5 cents but 7.5 cents worth of food at a meal for each man, woman, and child!

It is worth remembering, too, that even in 1929, before mass unemployment had become a chronic sickness in the social body, more than half the non-farm families in the country had an income too small to supply all their "basic necessities." This was the conclusion of a study on *Capacity to Consume* by the conservative Brookings Institution. Other economists, using material on dietary needs compiled within the Department of Agriculture, showed (also for 1929) the serious shortages in the American supply and consumption of milk, butter, green vegetables and fresh fruits, beef, lamb, veal, poultry, and eggs.

When the New Deal set out to raise farm prices chiefly by bringing supply into rough relation to market demand, it shied away from these underlying problems of human need. Instead of attempting such social engineering as would make abundance for the masses its primary aim, the New Deal has encouraged restriction of farm output, and a scale of relief barely high enough to prevent widespread starvation and social unrest.

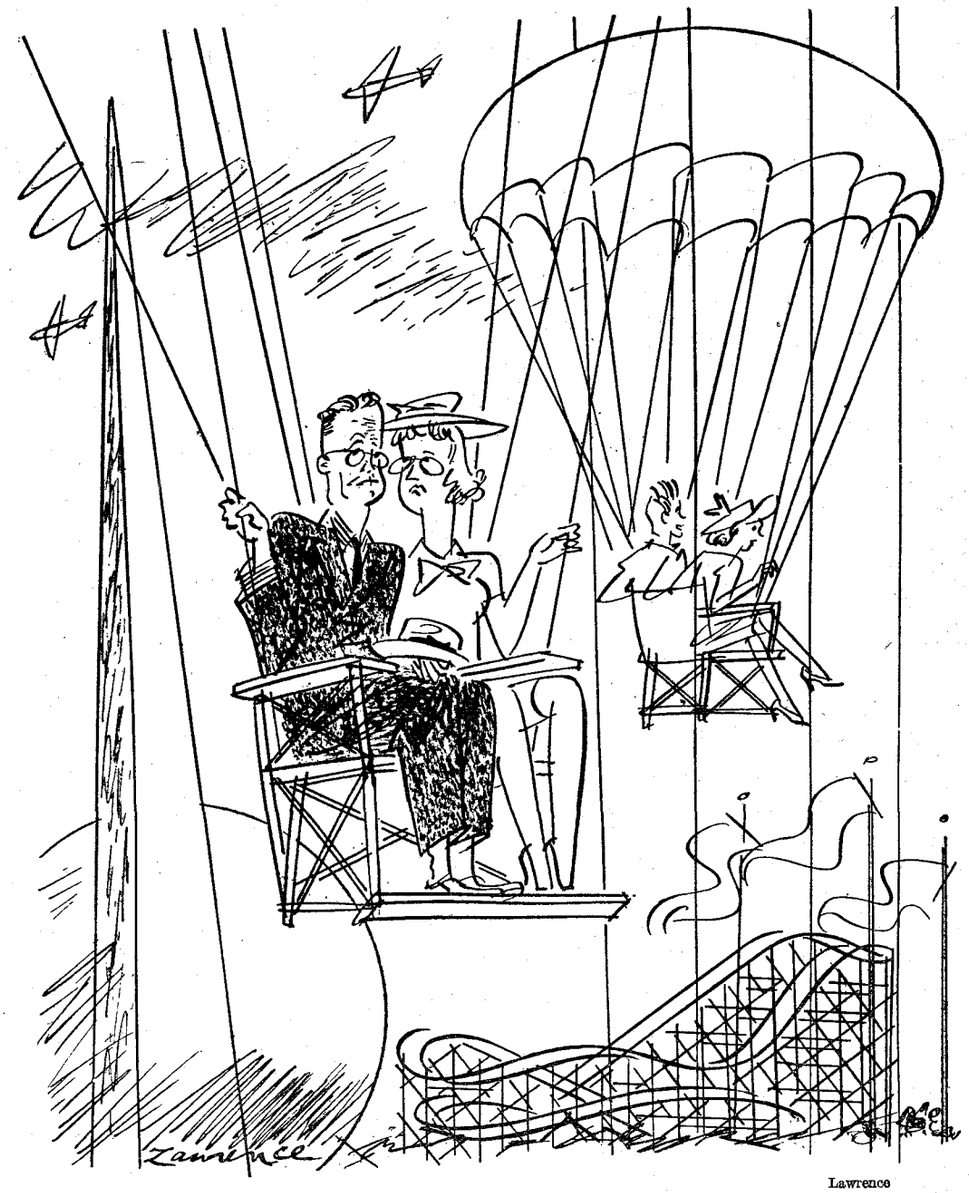
Even the assumption that a rough balance between supply and demand would solve the farmers' price problems is open to serious question in this period of monopoly capitalism. For in almost every branch of farm production, prices are deliberately manipulated against the farmers. The New Deal has officially recognized this in relation to dairy products and has introduced a small measure of joint federal-state regulation of milk prices paid to farmers. But this limited regulation has served only as a very imperfect brake on the operations of the great dairy companies.

Speculative traders in cotton; speculative traders and a few giant milling companies in wheat; small groups of processors in sugar, tobacco, hogs and meat cattle, canned fruits and vegetables; commission houses for poultry and potatoes are among the most conspicuous highwaymen who stand over the paths between farmer and consumer. Each type of middleman operates in his own special way but all contrive to exploit those from whom they buy and those to whom they sell.

Under the New Deal the Federal Trade Commission has given us abundant evidence about monopoly forces that push down the prices paid to farmers, but almost no steps have been taken toward genuine regulation. Excess of supply over market demand gives these forces a strong handle against the farmers but even if a neat balance were achieved between supply and demand, these monopolies would still be able to push farm prices below the farmers' average costs plus a margin of profit.

If the masses fail to check the pressure now driving the United States toward actual fighting in the war, we shall see again, as in 1917, wartime "regulation" carried through by the monopolists themselves. We shall see a greater concern for feeding a great army than the government has shown for meeting the needs of the unemployed. Any price boom that might result for the farmers would be accompanied by a double catastrophe to the farm population. For relatively more of the farm families than of others have sons of military age. And from the business viewpoint every war boom is a wild debauch creating a new set of problems to be solved. ANNA ROCHESTER.

Miss Rochester's second article on the farm problem will appear soon.



"Do you think it's quite proper, dear, with all that Fifth Column stuff going on?"

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Flanders Finale

IT IS difficult to distinguish fact from fancy in the withdrawal of British and French troops from Flanders. London dispatches invariably emphasize the "epic" and "heroic" angles. Some sources call this "the greatest rear guard operation in history." On the other hand, the British have admittedly lost 20-25 percent of their expeditionary forces and large supplies of war materials. At least three French armies (out of eleven) have been shattered, and the vital industrial region around Lille occupied. Estimates of airplane losses are contradictory: two thousand on each side seems like a real figure. Gen. George Marshall, US Army chief of staff, is supposed to have told a House committee last week that the Germans suffered 40 percent losses in equipment. Neither side in this war dares to publish its casualty lists. Four million human beings have streamed into France in the midst of the battle. All of us are appalled at the destruction, the misery of the refugees, the ruthless sacrifice of civilians, the forfeit of years of honest toil. Who dares to defend "a way of life" which has brought such disaster twice in one generation?

Next Step

THE German victory in the initial engagement of this war has been acknowledged, but opinion varies as to what happens now. By their vigorous denials to the contrary, both Churchill and Duff Cooper implied last week that a separate German peace with France was a possibility, although it has been suggested that this was simply a form of pressure upon the United States. It strikes us also that Mr. Roosevelt's prophecy that the war might shortly spread to all continents was one way of bolstering Allied morale. It was a way of promising them help if they would hold out, at the same time that it amplified hysteria at home. Undoubtedly, the Germans would very much like a separate peace; but that does not seem likely while large French armies are still capable of battle. Wars have a momentum of their own. This one still has some way to go.

Heavy Is the Head, etc.

NO ONE on this side of the ocean can possibly judge Belgian King Leopold's surrender. "Betrayal" is an ironic word for British lips. Some reports say that Belgian troops were expected to cover the British evacuations; others that the Belgians had run short of munitions. It has been suggested that the British expeditionary forces jeopardized their own positions by coming to Leopold's assistance; on the other hand, they were also undoubtedly covering their own rear in case withdrawal were necessary. While it is true that Leopold severed his defensive alliance with France in 1936 and 1937, it should be remembered that London and Paris were themselves accommodating the Germans in those years. The British and French statesmen were no more alarmed by Leopold's independence in 1936 than they were by the Scandinavian countries, who during 1938 disavowed their League of Nations obligations in deference to British, French, and German wishes. Belgium's defection is only the last stage in the disintegration of British and French influence on the Continent. The usual pattern has been for the major powers to betray their allies, as in the case of Czechoslovakia. The Leopold incident is important only because the roles were reversed.

Italian Indecision

GERMAN bombardments of the Rhone Valley were generally interpreted as advance operations for the Italian infantry. It seems as though Hitler were dusting off Mussolini's path. We always thought that fascism was a *decisive* philosophy. Musso is supposed to have made the trains run on time. It is very disillusioning to observe how cautiously the bold Duce makes up his mind. Observers agree that the Italian infantry is still steeped in the tradition of Adowa, Caporetto, and Guadalajara; the Italian air force and navy are much better. But to supply these forces the Italians depend very largely upon imports of crucial raw materials. The best bet is that Italy will leave the Balkans alone, fearing the USSR. Likewise, the Turks will not have them in the eastern Mediterranean, and the Turkish premier, Dr. Refik Saydam, said as much last week. An Italian offensive into southern France can be expected only if the Germans assist by continuing to divert French attention in the north. Whenever Italian intervention comes, it will signify that Mussolini sees the end of the war. Our wager is, however, that the war will see the end of Mussolini.

Hemisphere Hysteria

READERS of the Colonel House memoirs will recall that as early as October 1914 the Wilsonians who got us into the last war were beating the drums of "hemisphere defense." Mr. Roosevelt is doing the same today, and the purpose is the same—the extension and consolidation of the American imperialist position over the weaker peoples below the Rio Grande. Unheralded in the American press, American air missions have already been assigned to Brazil, Ecuador, Chile, Argentina, and Colombia. The USS *Quincy* was dispatched last week to Rio de Janeiro. Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard columnist, says on June 3: "The blunt fact is that we may have to be using American troops in the western hemisphere for protective occupation." Andrew May, Democrat from Kentucky, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, suggests that Latin American countries permit naval bases and fortifications on their soil.

The American press has suddenly discovered that there are German and Italian emigrants in Latin America. Martin Dies has drawn the logical conclusion. With despicable gall he asks Congress to subsidize a "hemisphere Dies committee." But Fulgencio Batista last week spoke for Cuba when he wrote to the editor of a Havana daily defending the Cuban Communist Party as "an integral part of the people" and a "defender of democracy." Dr. Ramon Beteta, Mexican undersecretary for foreign affairs, speaking at the World's Fair, denied large scale German tourist traffic into Mexico and observed that "big interests spread rumors that Mexico is on the verge of revolution so that the USA will intervene."

Hemisphere defense has become a convenient phrase to cover "dollar imperialism's" struggle against all comers in Latin American markets. The Inter-American Bank, to be inaugurated June 12, serves the same purpose and, significantly, it was reported last week that Pan American–Grace Airways were ousting German rivals in Ecuador with Washington's assistance. There may be Germans in South America with allegiances to Hitler—but the danger to American security, not to mention the danger to the peoples of Latin America, comes from Washington's systematic collusion with the most reactionary overlords and dictators, the alliance of American big money with reactionary, grafting, ruling groups in each South American country.

USSR in the News

THE USSR figured in last week's news in several ways. Soviet statements sharply criticized Lithuanian authorities because several Red Army men stationed at naval and land bases have been kidnaped and maltreated. The Estonian border zone was reported closed, and *Tass,* official Soviet news agency, corrected estimates of Finnish war dead. At least 85,000 Finns were killed and 250,000 wounded, says *Tass,* with Soviet casualties about one-third fewer.

The British government responded to a scathing Soviet rejection of Sir Stafford Cripps as special envoy by appointing Cripps as full ambassador to the USSR. Evidently, the Soviet Union resented the British procedure: either fully authorized and duly accredited diplomats would be sent to Moscow, or else none at all. It is quite idle to speculate upon Sir Stafford's agenda: he may be asking for better trade relations, he may be asking for something more.

Meanwhile Soviet diplomacy is unquestionably stabilizing matters in the Balkans. After the recent trade pact Yugoslav sentiment is fully pro-Soviet; there were demonstrations

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in Belgrade last week when the trade delegation returned from Moscow. Discussions apparently continued between the Hungarians and Soviet officials, while troop movements were reported from both sides of the Soviet-Hungarian border at the Carpathian mountains.

The magnetic power of the USSR is making all parties in this war think twice before they tamper with the Balkan status quo.

Leland Stowe has been dishing out garbage at so much per word for the New York *Post* and Chicago *Daily News*. After admittedly defaming the USSR in his Finnish reporting, this gentleman now presumes to have visited the USSR in one week, and returns with the hot story of imminent collapse of socialism. It seems he spoke to some Belgians and Frenchmen in the USSR; they gave him the inside dope. Strangely enough, two American magazines last week carried information that flatly contradicts Leland Stowe, and in much greater detail. *Business Week* and *Soviet Russia Today* for June are recommended to those readers who need assurances that Kerensky will not be back in the Winter Palace next Friday.

Two hundred and fifty American doctors, lawyers, teachers, writers who attended a Round Table Conference on American-Soviet Relations two weeks ago will refute Mr. Stowe without benefit of cable rates. Dr. Corliss Lamont, Dr. Max Yergan, Muriel Draper, Dr. H. W. L. Dana, Isidor Schneider, Dr. Thomas L. Harris, among others, expressed satisfaction with Soviet progress in every phase of culture and economy. Resolutions urging closer American-Soviet collaboration were adopted. The average Briton or Frenchman will tell you that collaboration with the USSR would have saved his country from war. Is it too late for Americans to learn this truth?

Suffering in Britain

THE British picture grows more dismal from day to day. There has been a seven and a half hour increase in working hours to a total of fifty-five and a half hours per week. Munitions plants are working three shifts, seven days in every seven. Summer vacations have been postponed; thousands of women are being rushed to the farms to bolster foodstuffs production. To save fodder, livestock must be reduced by 25 percent before fall. Sir John Simon's drastic budget of last month has already been outdistanced; a new budget is being introduced shortly. British morale is apparently so poor that the government has borrowed another leaf from the Nazi gospel: each city block in England will have a "Mr. Sensible," whose job must be to reassure quaking civilian spirits. From France comes the news that four Communists, seventeen to twenty-four years old, have been sentenced to death for political activity. All factories in France are working seven-day weeks. Eleven men were arrested last week for observing the Sabbath. Their crime was that they did not show up for work the previous Sunday.

Bills against Labor

FOR three years the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee made painstaking investigation of American industry's anti-labor underworld. From the testimony it heard the committee pieced together documented picture of espionage and terrorism and, on the basis of that picture, drew up a Civil Liberties Bill. It took a war-minded Senate less than twenty-four hours to turn the bill into one *against* civil liberties. Adam Lapin discusses, on page 9 of this issue, the Reynolds amendments directed at "aliens" and Communists. But the measure was changed in other ways. Factories working on government orders were exempted from the provisions against anti-labor spying. Title II of the bill, imposing a $1,000-a-day fine on beneficiaries of government contracts and loans who engage in oppressive labor practices, was eliminated by La Follette himself at the insistence of Senators Taft and Vandenberg. Further, the Senate weakened that portion of the bill aimed at industrial munitions by allowing companies with private armies to continue receiving government orders.

Labor legislation won after years of struggle is being subjected to war sabotage. Appropriations for the National Labor Relations Board have been cut in a way specifically designed to hamper the board's investigation of employers' unfair labor practices. The Vinson navy bill, passed by the House, would lift the "restrictions" of the Walsh-Healey act in the case of contracts negotiated by the secretary of the navy, and would exclude large categories of workers in naval construction from the Wage-Hour Act provisions. John L. Lewis has expressed the CIO's sharp opposition to this bill in a letter to Chairman Walsh of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee.

The speed at which Congress is moving to convert progressive laws into war measures is symbolic. These laws were enacted through lengthy democratic processes that started with the people's demand for such legislation. But the administration has no desire to consult the people, no desire even to listen when they protest.

Death and Taxes

THERE'S nothing like the brass of a brass hat. Listen to one of them, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. Mr. Morgenthau is telling the House Ways and Means Committee about the need for the "defense taxation" bill sponsored by the administration. This is the bill, remember, that adds a 10 percent "supertax" on income taxes (all income taxes, down to the lowest-income groups) and would derive the greater portion of revenue from higher excise taxes on cigarettes, gasoline, beer, brandy, and certain other alcoholic beverages—a tax bill, in short, that bears most heavily on the small man. Said Mr. Morgenthau:

> What we [the administration] had in mind was that the people would like to pay for the extraordinary armaments program, that they would like to be taxed and feel that the money that will be borrowed by the army and navy would be paid for by them in five years.

This isn't telepathy—quite the opposite—it's Wall Street war intoxication. And it's only the beginning: since the $656,000,000 to be derived annually from this bill won't nearly make up the five billions thus far asked for "defense," the people undoubtedly "would like to be taxed" considerably more. Some congressmen have already announced they will take care of that. Their plans haven't been revealed, but we can guess what they are from the design of the bill now being considered by the Ways and Means Committee. More than this, President Roosevelt is preparing to slash by 10 percent all government expenditures not connected with "defense"; Senator Byrd of Virginia says he will introduce an amendment to the Relief Bill, probably this week, to effect such a slash. The debt limit will likely be raised by $3,000,000,000, but only in order to cover the army and navy appropriations; and it is proposed to take care of that additional debt through "defense loans" which will be forced on people who cannot afford them through the hoopla and pressure that accompanied the Liberty Bond drives of 1917.

What Secretary Morgenthau, and the administration he represents, really hope the people would "like" to do is starve while the Reconstruction Finance Corp. is authorized to make loans up to $1,000,000,000 to finance private companies or float government corporations supplying "defense products"; while airplane corporations get ready to double their 92 percent increase in profits since the war began; while Wall Street stockholders' dividends flow at the rate of $9,000,000 a day; and while the huge revenue potential of tax-exempt securities in this country remains untouched.

The Apex Decision

THE complex legal terminology of the Supreme Court decision in the Apex case has created confusion among some observers. Those who feel it was a victory for labor were carried away by the concession made to the Hosiery Workers Union in the rescinding of the $711,932 fine. True, that was a net gain of considerable proportions to any union and, it should be noted, it was achieved by great protest on the part of the CIO.

However, this concession should not blind one to the real core of the decision. Remember, this was the first pronouncement by the Supreme Court since Thurman Arnold launched his White House crusade against unionism, via the anti-trust statutes. Mr. Arnold is bitterly prosecuting the furriers, the teamsters, the electricians—both AFL and CIO unions.

The Supreme Court produces its Apex decision at this moment and it declares that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act *does* apply to trade unions. Justice Stone said it must be

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shown that the union did restrain interstate commerce or affect prices or "intended to restrain commerce" before an anti-trust prosecution will be sustained. In effect, this is handing down instructions on how best to use the anti-trust laws, according to the exact statutes on the book. It whitewashed Mr. Arnold's sinister drive, it indicated that the administration now had complete unity in all departments in its anti-labor, pro-war policy.

Remember, labor has been fighting for half a century, since the Sherman Anti-Trust laws were passed, to use those statutes as they were originally intended—against the *trusts*. And at this moment, with labor fighting hard to retain its gains, the court decides the Sherman laws can be applied against the workingman. But the same labor movement that forced the court to uphold the Wagner act and the minimum wage laws, that outlawed the fine in the Apex case, can also—if it achieves unity—defeat the administration's campaign to destroy the union movement.

People's Peace Chorus

MEMO to FDR: You won't find it out from the usual press reports, but the people of America are speaking out against war. It's impossible in this space even to summarize the resolutions and demonstrations for just one week, but we can give you an idea.

Youth: 2,341 students at the University of Washington in Seattle; 94 percent of the students at San Diego State College; 1,418 at Yale; nine hundred at North Dakota State College; an unestimated number at Brooklyn (NY) College, some of whom donned gas masks and picketed the home of their college president, Harry D. Gideonse, after he had brought about the suspension of the campus Peace Congress and American Student Union for sponsoring a mass meeting to protest war policies; thirty-five editors of college papers in twenty-four states; the New York Youth Congress; Massachusetts Youth Council; the Hamilton County (Ohio) Christian Council and the District Methodist Youth Council of Ohio.

Organized workers: Nearly six thousand workers of the Boeing Aircraft Co. of Seattle at their monthly union meeting (Aeronautical Mechanics Local 751) condemned war hysteria and demanded a living wage. Members of Local 1227, United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers (CIO) at the Morey Machine Co. of Astoria, L. I., stopped work for five minutes to hold a Memorial Day service and pledge that "It shall not happen here again."

Also, the Milwaukee Industrial Union Council; Wisconsin Workers Alliance; Baltimore Industrial Council (CIO); five hundred delegates representing 400,000 workers, at the Michigan CIO convention; Cincinnati Steel Workers Organizing Committee (CIO); officers of District Four of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America; Local 1199, Retail Drug Store Employees Union (CIO); the Trade Union Peace Committee of New York.

Other groups: The Puerto Rico Liga pro Democracia (League for Democracy); the Woodrow Wilson Parent Teachers Association of West Allis, Wis.; Milwaukee County Section of Wisconsin State Conference on Social Legislation; the Women's Committee for Peace; two thousand people attending the mass meeting called by the Emergency Peace Committee of the District of Columbia; mothers of the Lower East Side, NY, who marched in a baby-carriage peace parade on Memorial Day; thirty-seven Chicago civic, social, religious, fraternal, and labor groups, represented by 150 delegates at a conference called by the Chicago Peace Coordinating Committee; seventy-three organizations, representing 100,000 people living and working in San Francisco, who are participating in the city Peace Council's drive; the Washington Grange, representing forty thousand farmers.

Robert Moton

THE passing of Robert Russa Moton marks the close of an era in Negro life. Once head of Tuskegee Institute, one of the most important of the South's Negro education centers, Moton was looked upon as a spokesman of the Negro people. Established at a time when the adjustment of the newly freed Negro constituted a major social and political problem, Tuskegee's program of industrial education served as a solution—at the cost, however, of the Negro's political rights. Moton's leadership was based upon compromise; political rights were sacrificed for Jim Crow jobs and doubtful education. Today in the shadow of Tuskegee stand shacks not unlike those of slave days.

Moton died in a mansion on a Virginia lake, a wealthy man. He anticipated the wishes of the Rockefellers, the Rosenwalds, the Carnegies. Major issues never found him militantly opposed to the bourbons. The Scottsboro case aroused the protests of peoples throughout the world; Moton said only that the boys should not have been on the train. The widely publicized Tuskegee statistics which serve to whitewash lynching were his idea. He urged Negroes to fight in the last world war, then went to France as Wilson's emissary to advise Negro soldiers against expecting too much democracy when they returned home.

In his nineteen years' career as Booker T. Washington's successor, Moton left much to be done, and much to be undone. A new leadership has already begun these tasks, firmly set against those compromises which Moton represented. The National Negro Congress, the Southern Youth Congress, the sharecropper unions, and other organizations which constitute this new Negro leadership, will notice Moton's passing with a heightened awareness of the great tasks that lie ahead.

Guns versus Butter . . . ?

"BRITAIN'S sugar ration will be reduced from twelve ounces a week for each person to eight ounces, beginning May 27, and the butter ration will be cut June 3 from eight ounces a week to four ounces, the Food Ministry announced today. . . . Lord Woolton, food minister, explained that the reduction was designed to save shipping space and purchasing power abroad for essential armaments. 'When the question is shells or sugar,' he said, 'I know what your answer will be.' "
—*New York "Times" dispatch from London, May 16.*

MIKE QUIN'S

Dangerous Thoughts

The author of "The Yanks Are NOT Coming," coiner of America's slogan of the times, scores again!

THEODORE DREISER says of this book:

". . . it has not only genuine art value, but truly startling and illuminating intellectual force—the type of concentrated essence of social logic and philosophy and irony to be found only in Peter Finley Dunne (Philosophy Dooley) and George Ade (Fables in Slang). In spots I am reminded of Rabelais, Voltaire and Thomas Paine. . . .

"It should be laid before the eyes of the entire world and I hope it will be. Personally I will do all I can to increase the number of its readers. . . ."

RUTH McKENNEY:

". . . I've been toying with the idea that Mike Quin is sort of combination Mark Twain and Voltaire, 1940 model, but that doesn't seem to really nail it down. Maybe Mark Twain plus a sound knowledge of economics; Voltaire added up with a human heart. . . ."

CLIFFORD ODETS:

"Quin has a rare talent for revealing complex truths in a few simple paragraphs. . . . More than one writer I know will say of many of his pieces, 'I wish I had written that!' "

And what's more, this collection of poems, humorous sketches, topical essays and jingles is supreme reading entertainment.

You can get "Dangerous Thoughts" by writing directly to The People's World, 583 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif., and enclosing 50 cents in coin or stamps.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Archibald MacLeish, the Irresponsible

The librarian of Congress wants us to believe our best books are Hitler's accomplices. The strophes of war. "The divinity that doth hedge a poet laureate"—when he turns jingo.

In a talk last week before the American Association for Adult Education, Archibald MacLeish blamed the writers of his generation for the "moral and spiritual unpreparedness" of the generation which is now eligible for war service. The librarian of Congress has discovered a fifth column in our literary archives. Books like Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms,* he tells us, "have borne bitter and dangerous fruits." Their honest descriptions of the bloody and futile horrors of the last war have made us wary of jumping into this one. Their exposure of the fine phrases which cloaked the actual war aims of the Wilson administration has put us on guard against the rhetoric by which the Roosevelt administration seeks to persuade us that *this* war is different. Our best anti-war novels are in effect accomplices of Hitler. Mr. MacLeish grants that they may be "noble . . . as literature," "true as a summary of experience." But their nobility and truth as literature are "disastrous as education" for a generation obliged to face the threat of fascism.

Mr. MacLeish couples his attack on "the best and most generous writers" of his generation with a manifesto against American scholars and educators. In an essay on "The Irresponsibles," which appeared in a recent issue of the *Nation,* he deplores the fact that our scholars, like our novelists and poets, have responded to the call to arms with insufficient promptness and zeal. History, he predicts, will pass stern judgment upon them. By emerging "free, pure, and single into the antiseptic air of objectivity . . . they prepared the mind's disaster." It appears that the scholar shares the "irresponsibility of the scientist upon whose laboratory insulation he has patterned all his work." Thus, scholar, creative artist, and scientist will lose the things they love "because of the purity of their devotion."

It is only at rare moments, and then with diplomatic delicacy, that Mr. MacLeish alludes to the real world in the context of which his high moral sentences are to be interpreted. He speaks urgently, but he does not commit the indiscretion of telling us just what it is we must do. For he is only the spiritual arm of a war-bent administration, and the divinity that doth hedge a poet laureate keeps him from stating explicitly the mundane urges which animate his less austere colleagues. Walter Lippmann calls for universal military conscription; does Mr. MacLeish anticipate "moral" conscription? It is not battleships or planes, the poet asserts, that concern him in the first instance; it is faith and conviction. Flanked by hysterical columns of newsprint whipping up enthusiasm for war, Mr. MacLeish's pronouncements are clear enough. They are as clear as Kipling.

Nobody ever dreamed that fascism would come to this country except under the guise of "anti-fascist" slogans, any more than fascism could have come to Germany except under the guise of "socialist" slogans. In the name of democracy we are being asked to abandon all that is truly democratic. The very administration that spiked the anti-fascist struggles of republican Spain has expropriated the loyalist phrase for traitors, the Fifth Column, in order to badger the enemies of Franco. The American press hails the suppression of democracy in France and Britain as a supreme victory for democracy. In the interests of fighting fascism, Congress hastens to pass outrageously discriminatory laws against our citizens and non-citizens which are reminiscent of the Nuremberg decrees. To combat the Nazis, our publicists and politicians clamor for the Nazification of America: the outlawing of the Communist Party, the punishment of "peace agitators," the terrorizing of independent-minded schoolteachers. To build our "defenses," we abrogate the gains which labor has made in the past years. To stiffen our resistance to fascism, we kill the Anti-Lynching Bill, we deprive "aliens" of their right to employment, and we revive the ugly traditions of the Palmer raids. Our merchants of death starve America and feed the war in the interests of combating what they have so recently and joyously learned to call fascism.

And it is the same with our books and our cultural inheritance. We have not yet begun to pile up the books for bonfires in the name of culture. Are we so far off? Mr. MacLeish is already distinguishing between that which is noble and true as "literature" and disastrous as "education." He seeks to defend our literary achievement from fascism, but in the process he discovers that our literary achievement is demoralizing. If *A Farewell to Arms* is a challenge to our acquiescent belief in the status quo, then *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Native Son* are outright treason.

For it is not only the war writers who have taught us to examine American life critically and honestly. The best writers of our own generation have taught us that democracy is betrayed within by the very people who are issuing orders today for the "defense" of democracy. We have had dozens of novels which faithfully portrayed the conditions in the automobile and steel industries. Are not these subversive, "disastrous as education," in the eyes of Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Knudsen of the new Defense Board? The New York *Times* speaks of "the growing issue over whether American libraries should restrict the use of subversive publications. . . ." The former attorney general of Ohio, Gilbert Bettman, tells the convention of the American Library Association that subversive publications are those which have a *tendency* to undermine or destroy *confidence* in the social, economic, or governmental systems under which we now live in the United States; and he calls for the official restriction, by librarians and library trustees, of such publications. What great American work is to escape the ban? Thoreau's essay on "Civil Disobedience"? Whitman's *Leaves of Grass?* Sandburg's *The People, Yes?*

The war fever burns out everything that is intellectually generous in the men to whom it lays siege. Succumbing to it, a poet, like a statesman, who in more moderate times may have appeared progressive can be swept into an alliance with Ku Kluxism. It is horrifying to see men skilled in words concocting intellectual and moral sanctions for the destruction of everything they have formerly professed to cherish. What Randolph Bourne said of the liberal intellectuals in the last war remains profoundly true today. "Only in a world where irony was dead," wrote Bourne in June 1917, "could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world liberalism and world democracy." The undemocratic nature of this war liberalism is a treacherous instrument for "the riveting of the war mind on a hundred million more of the world's people." It is an old story. In the war crisis the ex-liberals and the ex-radicals are the most valuable purveyors of deception. Just as Mr. MacLeish becomes the moral awakener of a torpid generation, so the Creels and the Spargos and the Deweys took it upon themselves, in Bourne's words, to awaken the "sluggish masses . . . too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger!" But the strident impatience of these awakeners only serves to emphasize their distance from the masses whose highest good they pretend to articulate.

The war machine tolerates no opposition. We learned that in the last war. We are learning it again from those who would push us into this one. A healthy, critical literature, a literature hostile to greed and ignorance and servility, is an embarrassment to the generals. It is an embarrassment to fascism in whatever form and under whatever slogans. In this country, I firmly believe, we shall re-

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quire as much courage and perseverance to defend such a literature as we shall require to defend the living standards and civil rights of our people. The grim distortions of the military mind will label us traitors to that which we truly defend. Men of letters, elevated to posts of authority, will break the backs of many words to bend them to new and strange meanings.

But we are fortified, strangely, by the vices which Mr. MacLeish now attributes to our generation. Our "moral and spiritual unpreparedness" for the war is a preparedness for peace. We share with well over 90 percent of the American people the determination to keep the peace and by keeping it to stem the tide of fascism which a strange assembly of our governing class "anti-fascists" is trying so hard to generate. For we are not spineless or merely cynical, as Mr. MacLeish would have us believe. We are not bereft of values. A thousand of our number died in Spain, Mr. MacLeish. They were good and sure what it was they were fighting for. They understood, they died understanding who the real friends and enemies of fascism are. And the rest of us are going to be good and sure what it is we are fighting for. It will not be for the financiers and industrialists who collaborated with Hitler in shooting down our fellows. It will not be for an administration which rushed with disgusting haste to recognize Franco. It will not be for the men of money who at this moment are supporting the Japanese. Nor for those who at this moment are betraying us to fascism, in the name of fighting fascism, by their cruel intervention in the life of the people of Mexico and South America.

To the writers who suffered in the last war, to men like Barbusse and Thomas Boyd and Ludwig Renn, to the anti-war writers of all nations, we are eternally grateful because they *did* tell the truth. They did not make weaklings of us; they made us stronger. For they taught us to avoid the tragic illusion of following, like slaves, those despisers of democracy who pretend to make the world safe for democracy, those creators of fascism who pretend to establish "peace and justice" on earth and in our time.

We are against fascism. We are, now and forever, committed with all our heart to the fight against fascism. But we know that we will be traitors to the millions who fell in the last war and to those who are falling in this one if we create a new fascism in the name of fighting another. We know that it is our final obligation to these men to build our world on quite different foundations, on foundations that will not support a social order that has caused this tragic bloodletting, in our generation, in Mr. MacLeish's, and further back still. And we know this deeply. That is why we do not attack our scholars because they are *too* objective; we criticize them only when they are not objective enough. We do not attack our writers when they tell the truth, only when they fail to tell it. And it is our most passionate belief that truth and

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nobility in literature can never be disastrous in education.

We measure a writer's sincerity by his dedication to the interests of the people. The people, in all lands, want peace. The people want purposeful work. The people want to come into full possession of those inalienable human rights vouchsafed to them in their most cherished document, the Declaration of Independence. Mr. MacLeish forsakes his high office as poet, as spokesman for the people, when he organizes sentiment for a program which brings neither peace nor work nor liberty. We pay no heed to the poet laureate of an authority which is always taking back more than it has ever reluctantly given. There are fresher and clearer voices, voices which speak out against fascism, against war, and against policies and governments which lead inexorably to fascism and war. We shall listen to them. We are confident that they will not betray us.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

American Voices

THE PEOPLE TALK, *by Benjamin Appel. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.*

DURING the pre-war period in England a group of enthusiastic journalists headed by Tom Harrison organized a nationwide network of reporters whose task it was to reflect the conditions of life and thought of the people. *Mass Observation* was the name given their work. It gave published substance to the changing opinions, the troubled moods, and the overwhelming difficulties which beset the English people.

Inevitably one must compare *The People Talk* to *Mass Observation,* for, although the techniques of reportage and presentation differ, the ends of Mr. Harrison and Mr. Appel are the same—to lift the cover from the boiling pot in which the millions simmer in bitter juices over the fires of decadent capitalism. Unhappy millions, confused, now resisting, now defeated, now forgetting, now learning, progressing slowly to an understanding of the factors which have determined the courses of their lives.

The English method of reportage was based upon the collection of a large number of verbal statements by individuals on a single subject such, for example, as Mr. Chamberlain's policy vis-a-vis Czechoslovakia; or the assemblage of many details of a single day's events, such as the effect upon the public mind of King Edward VIII's abdication. Mr. Appel, a single reporter traveling through America with his wife, functioned in the more conventional manner of the skilled journalist who seeks an interview not about any special topic, but who permits the person interviewed to ramble on about the subjects closest to his heart—himself, his economic problems, his way of life.

The total effect of *The People Talk* is therefore sharper, more direct, and less diffused than *Mass Observation.* It is of course more subjectively presented, for although Mr. Appel has avoided descriptive detail, he has only been able to report what he himself has seen. *The People Talk* therefore resembles, because of literary style and the thread provided by the author, a loosely knit collection of sketches, all of which are gathered about a main theme.

The American people, as Mr. Appel found them, are deeply troubled. They have lost faith in their political leaders. They are caught in the flow of forces of which they have little understanding. About them are reared the high prison walls of their limited education, their censored newspapers, their church dogmas. They are subjected to intense propaganda for reaction, even fascism. When they attempt to resist the fearful pressure of their employers and the petty political leaders who have been lifted into high places by their employers, the American people meet violence, are beaten, arrested, fired, occasionally—as a lesson—killed off by ones or twos or in small groups. As a result many Americans have retreated to the security of political neutrality, withdrawn from the struggle. But many others have gathered about the new and powerful trade unions of the CIO or have attempted to find salvation within the older, less militant AFL organizations. Time has taught these economically conscious workers of factory and farm how to resist the enemies within, how to throw out the Homer L. Martins, unmask the Henry Fords, and how to face billies, clubs, and bullets unflinchingly.

The essence of Mr. Appel's reportage is its frank acceptance of realities. Thus he penetratingly presents the inherent objective obstacles to American political unity of worker and farmer. America is a land of many peoples, gathered together from all the world. National, cultural, sectional, religious differences exist and are exploited by the enemies of the people, who wield a most effective weapon by segregating Negroes, stirring Christian against Jew, Protestant against Catholic, Northerner against Southerner. Mr. Appel has been careful to note the existence of chauvinism and to present effectively the best method of combating it, by labor unity giving leadership to all the people.

The People Talk is a beautifully composed work, containing many passages of high literary merit. It is at once dramatic and informative. It begins with a superb presentation of New York City, the real metropolis of rotting old houses and dun millions who live close to the abyss of poverty, a New York in which fierce forces have sought to implant the seed of fascism through the Christian Front and the allied Coughlinite organizations. Mr. Appel drifts north to Provincetown for a view of old New England, to Cornell University to witness the new generation of baccalaureates as they approach the doom of graduation. He visits the coal of Pennsylvania, the conveyer world of Ford's and Coughlin's Detroit, the iron mines of the North. West through rich farm lands and into the Southwest of sharecroppers and semi-peons he goes, to the Far West of Hollywood and lumber camps.

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Here within these covers is much of America. Not all, of course. Mr. Appel's interest in the majority has resulted in the omission of an intimate presentation of the oppressive minority, the rich, their satellites, the decadence of their morals, the wastefulness of their lives. Here and there a businessman speaks, or a strikebreaking cop; now and again a corporation executive. To have delved more deeply into the lives of the gentry and their opinions might have further underscored by contrast the pointed conclusions toward which Mr. Appel directs his readers. In this respect *The People Talk* does not equal *Mass Observation* in all-inclusiveness. Mr. Appel has written a remarkable work, skillfully organized, expertly presented and well worth reading, not only for its interpretation of American life today but for its sheer entertainment value.

JAMES MORISON.

Utopia

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN, *by Granville Hicks, with Richard M. Bennett. Modern Age. $2.50.*

THERE are thirteen chapters in this romantic sigh for a more rational world. In the first one an exemplar of well intentioned but unreflecting humanity (i.e., a doltish bank teller in a small New England town) is frozen solid on the operating table of the town genius and buried in a specially hewn tomb several hundred feet beneath the earth's surface. George, the bank teller, hadn't been having a very invigorating time in 1940 and volunteered for the experiment. He says, after he has awakened in the year 2040, that he had really been quite wise so to do, for thereby he escaped all the suffering of the transition and awoke "on the other side." The phrase is reminiscent of the fine old Protestant hymns which describe the joy of waking in heaven on resurrection day—an emotional wish which, I surmise, had much to do with the creation of this book, as, in fact, it has with all who want a better world but not the struggle to obtain it.

The world of 2040 conceived by the present authors has universal socialism. There are still national boundaries but nationalism is not very important. Within each nation there are regions, and these are rather autonomous, though regional planning must serve continental and, I suppose, world needs. The regions are divided into "cooperatives" and these seem to be the principal, if not the only, thing resembling state power. Men and women in the United States work four hours a day and the most dangerous or boring tasks are the highest paid. Food, shelter, clothing, medical service, education, transportation, and much else are abundant, esthetic, and free. Money is used for those desires and pursuits which are too individually differentiated to have "passed into the category of social supply." Everybody has self-confidence and believes he has a right to be alive, and capitalism is thought of as barbarism. There are still many problems. Miscreants are handed over to psychiatrists.

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Inasmuch as all of this has already been achieved in basic essence in the Soviet Union, it is odd that that country is scarcely mentioned. One sentence in a short, patronizing paragraph says that the USSR "seems in about the same stage of development" as the United States.

As for how the world of 2040 was achieved —well, the less said about that the better. The authors seem to have forgotten much of Marx and all of Lenin. In fact they have been at some pains to eschew the ideas of both these men on all occasions. They even say that the Socialist Party was more powerful in 1939 than the Communist. There are other evaluations, e.g., those of Saroyan and Picasso, which are little short of feeble-minded.

Throughout the book the authors seem to have been anticipating criticism from both the right and the left. The pattern of the book and the style in which it is written have been determined by this uncertainty. They try to protect themselves with various phraseological devices and some of the most ridiculous footnotes in print. This expositional cheating is so elaborately disguised and rationalized that much of the book is stiff, bloodless, and offensively pompous and pedantic.

It is the very essence of romanticism to project oneself into a future in which the world has been remolded to the heart's desire and to neglect the means by which the transformation is effected. Manuscripts depicting life in the future are more numerous than any other kind among those arriving at the publishers unsolicited. Once in a while one of them is published, but usually it doesn't sell. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* sold because it was the first prophecy of what the fruits of socialism could be. Today socialism is a fact. *The First to Awaken,* despite its little World's Fair gadgets, belongs to the past, to the well intentioned dreams of men of good will in the days before action and events in the real world created a proven technique for actualizing those old hopes and aspirations.

HENRY HART.

Documents on Finland

WAR AND PEACE IN FINLAND. *A Documented Survey. Soviet Russia Today. 25 cents.*

AMNESIA is one of history's deadliest weapons. Most of us forget only too easily issues and circumstances that only a few weeks or months ago were real and crucial. Finland, for example, has almost completely returned to the obscurity from which it emerged last November. Few of us then knew much of Finland's origins in the post-war upheavals of Europe. Few of us knew much of its public men, its people, its economy, its relations with the major powers. Virtually overnight most of us were compelled to seek information, to form judgments on the basis of probable fact, to come to conclusions in the face of one of the wildest orgies of misinformation the world has ever seen. NEW MASSES readers will recall the valuable service which *Soviet Russia Today* performed by the publi-

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cation of its pamphlet in the early weeks of the Finnish war. The unexpected peace last March thoroughly embarrassed the American press and new events have crowded into the political horizon. Finland is no longer news and the press would rather forget. But some authoritative summary of the Finnish events was therefore more than necessary. *Soviet Russia Today* has again measured up to this responsibility. Alter Brody, Theodore M. Bayer, Isidor Schneider, and Jessica Smith have collaborated in a documented survey, *War and Peace in Finland*—a unique and invaluable restatement of recent history.

The whole story is here, the origins of Finland as a state, the background of its negotiations with the USSR last fall, the attitudes of the major powers, the unholy role of the press. Capt. Sergei N. Kournakov contributes a passage estimating the military aspects of the war. He fully maintains the high level of his analyses during the events themselves. Official documents of the peace treaty, speeches by Molotov supplemented by the texts of the Soviet pacts with the other Baltic states, the various notes to Finland prior to the hostilities all enhance the value of this booklet as a reference work. The tenor of the discussion is factual and restrained. The documentation is scrupulous and almost wholly from sources unfriendly to the USSR.

And the verdict is inescapable. First, the war itself was unnecessary. It was brought on by the criminal hatred of the USSR on the part of irresponsible Finnish statesmen. Theirs was a desperate underestimation of their foe, coupled with the most incredible gamble upon the pledged support of Britain, France, and other powers. And the statesmen of these other powers themselves engaged in a most desperate gamble, hoping to persuade Germany by their own example to forgo the war in the West. Second, the character of the peace completely refutes the charge of "Soviet imperialism." It is not an imperialist peace which the USSR has made. In contrast to the peace of Versailles, a reexamination of the Soviet-Finnish peace has again established the distinctive socialist essence of Soviet policy.

Third, the American press, and most of its "experts" and correspondents are revealed as irresponsible liars. Never in three short months was the average man able to appreciate the utter venality of these institutions of information-for-profit as during the Finnish events. The chapter on how the press treated the Finnish war even now inspires a cold sweat. It makes one suspicious of every word in the daily newspapers. It reveals to what lengths the newspapers and radio will go when their class prejudices are contradicted by inexorable fact.

Fourth, the impressive ability of the Soviet army and air force—the coordination of arms, strategy, and supply—emerges with new force upon rereading the evidence. Beginning in the middle of January, the Soviet air force took two weeks of carefully discriminating bombardments to paralyze the entire system of Finnish communications and supply. And beginning with the first days in February, Soviet

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JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Democratic Thinker

LESTER F. WARD: THE AMERICAN ARISTOTLE, *by Samuel Chugerman. Duke University Press. $5.*

LESTER WARD was one of America's truly great creative thinkers; his ideas and achievements have long deserved a wider public appreciation than they received during his lifetime. In reawakening interest in Ward, Mr. Chugerman has done a valuable service.

As an experimental scientist, Ward rejected any non-materialist conception of the universe. He was not a dialectical materialist. Indeed, it is doubtful if he was fully acquainted with the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. Yet his own concept, arrived at independently, is significant. The mind, Ward believed, is incapable of conceiving anything but matter as having an independent existence, and no one can imagine energy apart from matter any more than he can see an accident in a pure vacuum. Ward's materialism profoundly influenced the whole structure of his thinking, causing him to reject both the statics of Herbert Spencer and the dualism of Comte.

While Ward was convinced that education is the only permanent and effective way for man to triumph over tyranny and oppression, he never completely rejected the necessity for social revolution. "What do we hear all over the world?" he once asked in a lecture in 1909. "Nothing but the subterranean roar of the great mass of mankind, infinitely larger than all other classes put together. That class is rumbling, seething and working, and coming to consciousness; and when they do come to consciousness, they will take the reins of power in their hands, and then will have abolished the last of all the social classes."

Mr. Chugerman's summary is excellently conceived and carried out. He manages to preserve a great deal of the piquancy and originality of Ward's thought through frequent quotations and a scrupulous regard for the continuity and evolution of Ward's philosophy. Though Mr. Chugerman has not attempted a critical analyisis of Ward, his frequent comparisons with other thinkers give the reader a basis for making his own analysis. This interpretative biography should help to restore Lester Ward's reputation as an important leader in the development of American democratic thought.

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GOINGS ON

ALFRED GOLDSTEIN, popular political analyst, reviews THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every SUNDAY EVENING at Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12 Street. Admission 25c.

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S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

The Cameras Shoot for War

Hollywood's producers mobilize for the Big Parade. "These men have a stake in the war." Studio workers organize for peace . . . Mexican Music Festival.

THE anti-war movement in the picture city is doing all right at this moment. The war abroad has needled the men in the front offices to action, and there's a corresponding reaction among the workers. The picture industry follows Mr. Roosevelt's every move. The producers make war propaganda plans and artists and workers get together in the Motion Picture Democratic Committee and the Hollywood League for Democratic Action to blast any war moves.

The trade papers, *Daily Variety* and Hollywood *Reporter,* have pointed out producers are losing something like $10,000,000 in markets because of the war. The Hollywood *Reporter* has been giving producers advice on what they should do about it all. The *Reporter's* idea for producers is that they tie up South American markets by investing large amounts of capital in them. These men have a stake in the war.

WARNER "TIGHTENS UP"

Warner Bros. is cutting vacations for all employees except those working under guild contracts. This means intensified production plans. Those who know say the brothers Warner are close enough to Roosevelt to have an inside track on his plans. They conclude that the Warner move means a "tightening up" for immediate action when, as expected, the industry is mobilized as propaganda machine No. 1.

With 615 divisions of labor in Hollywood, most of which draw overtime pay for overtime work, the producers are asking for a reclassification of workers, so more of the work divisions will be put in the "executive" and "professional" class where no overtime is paid. The Department of Labor is cooperating.

All studios have an eye out for "superfluous labor" and all of them are inaugurating retrenchment policies. Cecil B. DeMille, producing and directing *Northwest Mounted Police,* finished the picture nine days early. He saved $125,000 and paid out $2,800 in bonuses for the technicolor photo finish. But the $2,800 went to twenty-eight yes-men. Set workers and minor actors got none of it, and it was they who did the work.

Out of the cameras come pictures like *One Man Army* from Twentieth Century–Fox. *One Man Army* is about "Sergeant Sam Dreben," a Jewish soldier in the United States forces. Pre-production publicity makes it apparent that the picture is intended to reach the Jewish population with the Churchill "message," glorifying the role the Jew "should play" in this war.

Columbia is preparing a picture called *Blitzkrieg.* The screenplay is being written by Michael Hogan. Hogan has thus far turned out *Nurse Edith Cavell* and *The Prime Minister.*

Paramount is entering the field with two pictures, *Birth of a Hero* and *Safari.* The first has to do with "fifth column" activities in Warsaw. With everyone but the real fifth-columnists being dubbed members of that group, it will be slanted against all anti-war elements. *Safari* was formerly a badly done play about an idealist who flew for China and Spain. Originally the flier wound up in Africa. Now he leaves Africa to fly for the Allies.

Republic is doing *Women in War,* due for release now. The *People's World,* West Coast left wing daily, exposed production plans on the picture. It resulted in a wave of letters to Republic. Republic answered through the Hearst press that it wasn't pro-war. Trade publicity dubs it "The Emotional Big Parade of 1940. . . . Love today. There is no tomorrow." Publicity stills are of handsome British soldiers and lovely British nurses.

Producers, formerly bitter in their anti-FDR sentiments, have joined Roosevelt's "national unity" bandwagon. Now they put the bee on anyone opposing war, telling them to "back Roosevelt or get off the lot." They've threatened to drag out the blacklist for those who resist. Studio heads wielding the cudgel are ably fronted for by the personality slate headed by Melvyn Douglas, Director W. S. Van Dyke, and Phil Dunne, writer. Dunne and Douglas left the executive board of the Motion Picture Democratic Committee when that board turned down a Dunne-Douglas Red-baiting, splitting move.

"PREPAREDNESS"

Producers aren't waiting for M-Day. Sam Goldwyn is distributing British propaganda shorts in the colonies and, we hear, is keeping prints for use in America "in case of emergency." Washington's plans to conscript the picture industry as a propaganda medium aren't necessary. The movies are willing and more than ready. Already, you hear, propaganda scripts have been written and made ready for production—just in case.

But the hands of the war clock are being stopped right there. The NEW MASSES Forum, drawing five hundred weekly, the Hollywood Peace Forum, equaling that record, the Motion Picture Democratic Committee and the Hollywood League for Democratic Action, mobilizing for "The Yanks Are Not Coming"—these things mean that Hollywood's rank and file is for peace. And they mean to have it.

CHARLES GLENN.

Music Festival

Carlos Chavez presents five centuries of Mexican music.

TWENTY centuries of Mexican art are on exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art with a concert section arranged by the eminent Mexican composer-conductor, Carlos Chavez. Mr. Chavez has done a fine job of reducing the vast store of Mexican musical literature into one program without in any way distorting the characteristics and historical development of a music unfortunately strange to American ears. Chavez uses orchestra and choral numbers by contemporary Mexican composers (whose concert arrangements lost none of the authentic flavor) and a five-century selection of representative music from various parts of his country.

In his program notes Chavez says:

> Mexican music is largely a product of a mixture of influences, that is, cross breeding. This mixed ancestry, chiefly Indo-Spanish, is never found to be an exact proportion, half and half. The qualities of Mexican music depend not on the proportion of Indian and Spanish ancestry, but on the existence of many local factors, historical, geographical, and ethnic circumstances, which work directly on the artistic phenomenon.

This was borne out during the course of the program. Whenever the music derived from an Indian source, the rhythms became the central complex feature around a melodic line. But in the case of "La Paloma Azul," owing to the Spanish origin and the influence of Italian opera (extremely popular in Mexico during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries), there resulted an almost arialike song with rhythms now relegated to the background. Incidentally this number enjoyed an orchestral arrangement that was remarkable for its beauty and imagination.

After an evening of dazzling rhythms, one left the concert with an exuberant feeling. For example, Chavez's ballet for orchestra and chorus composed in 1925, although containing many modernisms, has none of that sickly, despondent mood so prevalent in the supermodernists of the Schoenberg school. Chavez' music is straightforward and healthy because of its origins in the melodies, dances, and rituals of the Mexican peoples. In contrast, the Schoenbergs probe inward and produce an abstruse, oversubjective music.

Mexico has a vast treasure of native music plus a group of gifted composers of Carlos Chavez' caliber. In the past such a combination has never failed.

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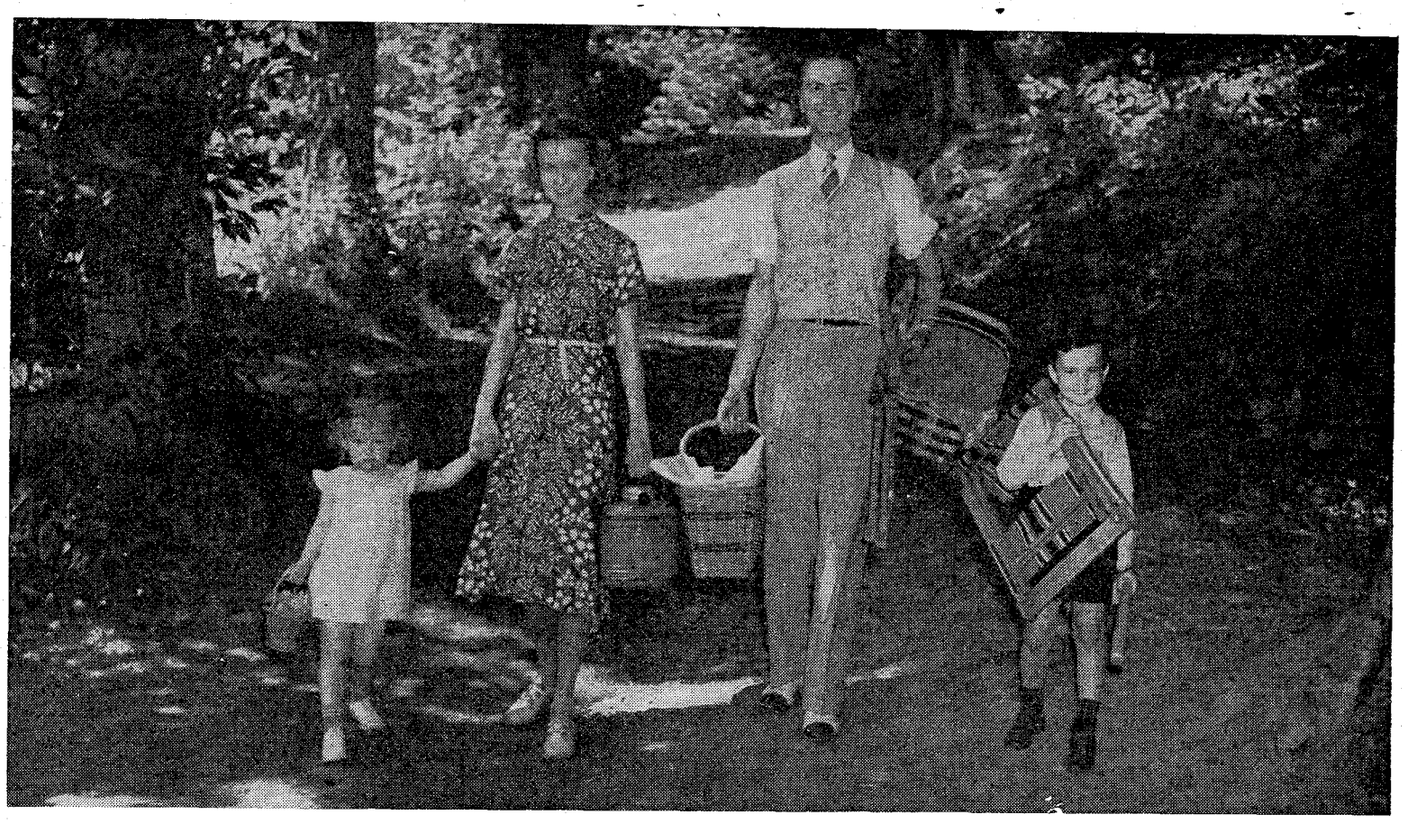

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